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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

October 30, 1957

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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OCTOBER 30, 1957

Vol. 25, No. 21

Our cover

The two blue-blooded Australian terriers on our cover this week are Kingswood Miss Aussie (left) and her 16-month-old son, Riverslea Waree. They are owned by Mrs. Edith Rivers, of Riverslea Kennels, Brisbane. Photograph by Lionel Keen, of Brisbane.

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

Young Australians who wish to benefit this year from the will of the late Peter Mitchell now have less than two months in which to stake their claims.

THERE are prizes for 15 unmarried women under the age of 30 and for 10 youths under 21.

For further information, simply write to "Peter Mitchell Quest," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

★ ★ ★

ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff, who covered the Royal tour of Canada and America, is now well known to the Royal Family.

She has covered every Royal tour since the South African tour of the late King George VI in 1947. This was her third trip to North America.

Incidentally, Anne now follows the Queen's diet. When she found she was putting on unwanted pounds she visited Her Majesty's diet specialist.

★ ★ ★
DURING the Royal tour American newspapers published columns on how the Queen keeps her figure. Every detail of what she eats and what pills she takes seems to fascinate the Americans.

However, while America was determined that the Queen would enjoy every mouthful during her visit, one newspaper headline proclaimed sadly: "No apple pie for the Queen"—reminding readers how her mother, when Queen, ate hot dogs with a President.

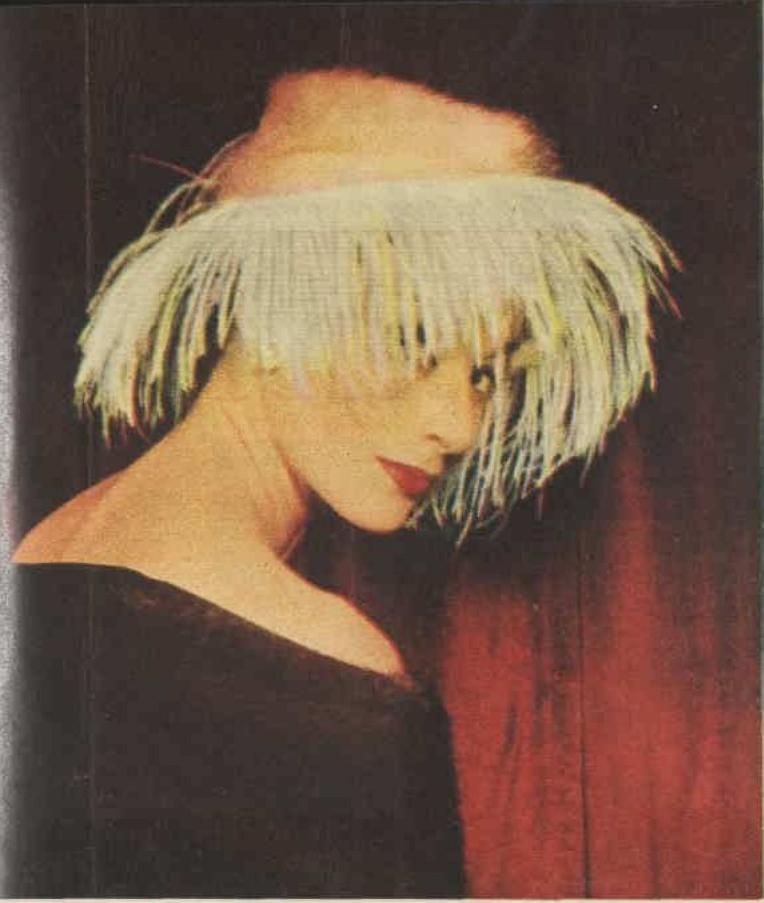
"Roast beef of Old England" was listed on one of the American menus for the Queen, but Claude-Philippe, executive catering manager of the famous Waldorf Astoria, said: "That's for the Duke of Edinburgh. He likes beef."

While American gourmets were sad about the Queen's diet, Philippe confessed: "We were not told to watch caloric count on the menus, but the Queen let us know she wanted only three courses for lunch and four for dinner—hardly a Royal banquet as in other days."

"The rhythmic tick of a clock will arouse the curiosity of a puppy whose spirits at a low ebb will substitute for comforting words from a friendly voice in the middle of the night."

Mrs. Rivers' family of six and show Australian terriers is never fewer than 30. At the kennels increase the population by about 50.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 30, 1957



• An ostrich plume (above) cascades prettily over the brim of a velour bowler hat and partly covers the wearer's eyes. The hat, by Albouy, was designed for glamor by night.

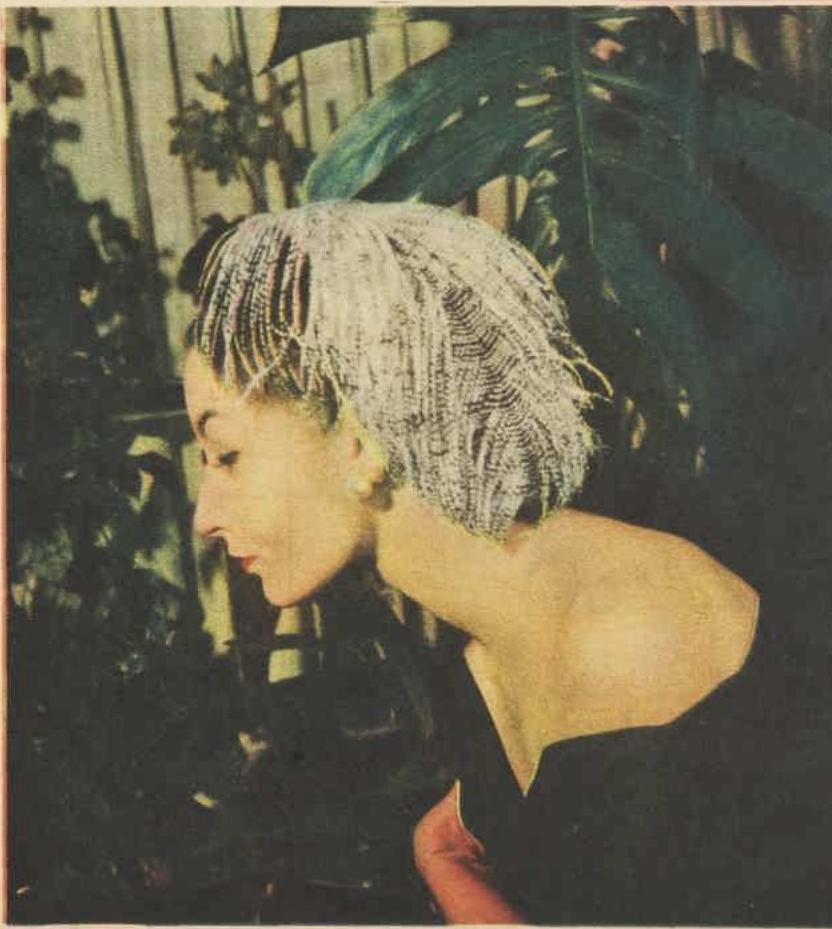
• Dior's dramatic sweep of stiffened beige velvet (above) is designed for the cocktail hour. The velvet is completely concealed by matching colored curled ostrich-feather tips.

Pretty Plumage

As a graceful compliment to the Queen Mother's love of ostrich feathers, the Paris couturier milliners have revived the feather hat. Feathers clipped, recurled, dyed, and lacquered are manipulated into unexpected shapes. The four hats here are from the Paris autumn collections.



• White feathers of busby-like proportions (above) are chosen by Dior for a feather helmet with great chic and allure. The feathers are arranged to veil the wearer's eyes.



• Profile-line hat (above) designed by Claude St. Cyr, the Queen Mother's milliner. The grey-and-white-speckled ostrich feathers sweep backwards to conceal the hair.



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It'd really make your blood boil!

● Sputnik the satellite is going to die, perhaps about a year from now, but before she goes, after circling every eight dozen minutes and travelling millions of miles, she's likely to turn on the greatest show on earth.

THE average meteor, or falling star as Granny used to call them, is about the size of a grain of wheat, yet it rules a brilliant brushstroke across the sky as it enters our atmosphere and burns.

But Sputnik is a 22-inch sphere and is likely to die spectacularly on its final flaming power dive.

Sputnik may also make a lot of noise because, as she dives at thousands of miles an hour, she will probably create shock waves in the atmosphere like a super-jet.

She will probably vaporise on this final journey, though nobody knows this for certain. But if she doesn't vaporise, a piece of her fused slag could hit the earth with a whoosh-bang.

It's time I explained that I know no more about satellites than that fellow in the moon.

These predictions come from Dr. J. H. Piddington, a C.S.I.R.O. Radio Physicist, who was an Australian delegate to the International Geophysical Year conference at Barcelona last year and who was the discoverer some years back that the moon is covered with a fine layer of dust—probably dust from bombarding meteors.

Dr. Piddington is not a rocket expert, but he has met many of the world's top rocket men, including the Russians. As a radio physicist his research work for years has dealt with the composition of the earth's atmosphere and with the mysterious goings-on in outer space.

When I talked to him at the Radio Physics Division at Sydney University, papers on his desk were covered with those curious characters of higher mathematics—like the markings on a pakapoo ticket—and on a side table was a globe encircled by wire.

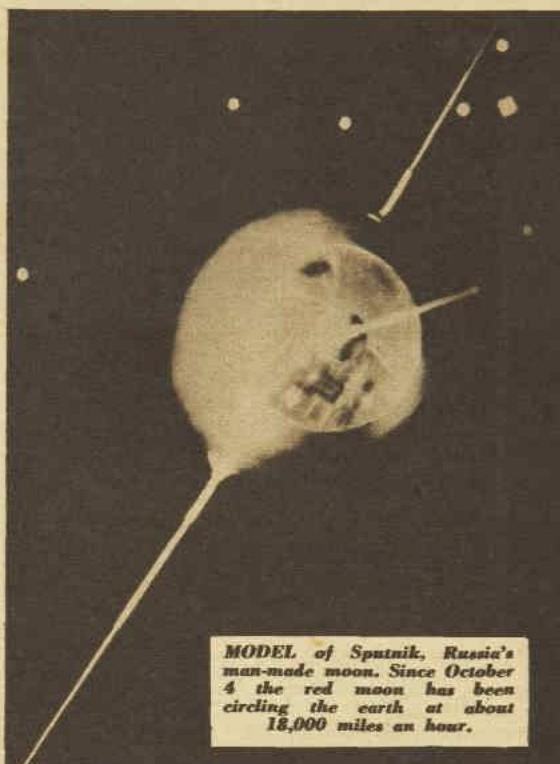
The wire was the Russian satellite's orbit—already worked out and fixed on the globe to scale by Brian Cooper, another radio physicist at the University.

Dr. Piddington told me that if the correct weight of the satellite was 184lb, and if, as the Russians had claimed, the atmosphere where Sputnik is in orbit was cooler than had been expected, the satellite should live about a year.

The one certainty, he said, "is that Sputnik will die, because there is atmosphere where she is circling, and atmosphere means resistance."

"The first sign that her life is nearing its end will be an increase—not a decrease—in her present speed. A mere one per cent. speed increase will show that she has already lived more than half her life."

"The reason for this is that



MODEL of Sputnik, Russia's man-made moon. Since October 4 the red moon has been circling the earth at about 18,000 miles an hour.

as she meets atmospheric resistance and begins to drop closer to the earth she will have to travel faster to stay where she is. As she travels through atmosphere rapidly increasing in density she will eventually burn up because of the friction.

"You can illustrate this by swinging a stone on the end of a piece of string. If the string is two yards long the stone will circle comparatively slowly, but if the string is a foot long it has to circle quickly to stay in the air.

"When Sputnik's speed increases by one per cent. we will be able to predict, perhaps a week ahead, the actual date and time of her death and the height above the earth, which will probably be less than 30 miles, when she dies."

Although reports of Sputnik's height have varied considerably, Dr. Piddington estimates that she is about 330 miles up.

At this height about the earth the air is not even rarefied air, but what physicists call "atomic oxygen" and ordinary nitrogen, which you certainly could not breathe.

Thin air

Sputnik's atmosphere is extremely hot—between 2000 and 3000 degrees F.—but because the atmosphere is so rare it wouldn't burn you.

It is so rare that for every one particle of Sputnik's atmosphere there are 1,000,000,000,000 particles in the atmosphere we breathe.

Although this means that Sputnik is moving in an almost perfect vacuum, Dr. Pid-

dington says that her atmosphere is "just like glue," compared with the fantastically rarefied atmosphere much farther out in space.

If Sputnik was only about 600 miles above the earth she would probably circle the world for a century or several centuries, and at about 700 miles above the earth she might circle for 1000 years."

Man explodes

I wanted to know that if Sputnik carried a man with a parachute, would he be able to get out and return to earth. The answer was:

"If he left the satellite without a protective suit and, of course, his oxygen, his blood would boil and he would explode. But with protection he could step off the satellite."

"Even though travelling at 18,000 miles an hour, atmospheric resistance would be negligible, and he would hardly notice it."

"He would go into orbit with the satellite, but because of his greater bulk would move ahead of the satellite. At the same time he would lose height and reach denser atmosphere, where his parachute, or series of parachutes, would slow him down sufficiently to prevent him burning."

"He would eventually sink to earth, though it might take him a day or even a week."

But I was sad to learn that although Dr. Piddington is certain a descent like this could be made, he is not a man moon man.

"The possibility of a man reaching the moon and com-

ing back is so remote that it is hardly worth discussing.

"True, a man could get to the moon, but he would have to be prepared to die in days or weeks because there would be no way of getting him back."

"I can't see any quick manmove to the moon for two main reasons: The first is the fantastic cost. The second is why go to all the trouble and expense of sending a man to the moon when it is much easier to shoot a travelling laboratory to the moon and to get back from it by radio all the information you need."

"But before that the next move will be bigger, better, and higher satellites as a prelude to space platforms, which are theoretically possible, and exploration of outer space."

"In the next few years it will probably be possible to shoot a projectile—a travelling laboratory—at the moon or Mars or Venus, and get back information from them. A rocket with a TV camera in its nose might confirm or deny the existence of life on Mars."

I asked Dr. Piddington whether he, as a scientist, was excited about Sputnik and what he felt was the significance of the satellite.

He said: "To me, and to other scientists, the satellite is tremendously exciting. It's something I've dreamt about since I was a boy."

"Sputnik means that we can now put a small laboratory into the top layers of the earth's atmosphere."

"But the most immediately significant thing is not Sputnik, but the projectile, the rocket, which put it where it is. The projectile is the I.C.B.M., the Intercontinental Ballistic Missile—the ultimate weapon."

"It is not true and I strongly emphasise this, that the Russians are ahead of us in science. But they are ahead in rocketry."

"Satellites are useless things on the ground. Unless you can put them up they are valueless. The Russians have done it, and their work is a mighty technological achievement."

"The real problem is that the Americans (and the rest of the West) are not behind in satellite knowledge, but they have not yet mastered the technology of rocketry."

Coming back to earth, Dr. Piddington looks forward to a new game or hobby for earth-bound humans.

"There will be so many satellites above us soon that I can see the invention and manufacture for a few pounds of a small gadget called a 'Satelloocator.'

"It will contain a small sextant, theodolite, compass, and watch, and all you will have to do to locate each satellite on an orbit chart will be to turn a few dials."

"You will be able to point by Satelloocator at the sky and say, with the greatest of confidence, 'There goes Ivan the Terrible' and 'That one was Marilyn Monroe'."



THE QUEEN talks informally with President and Mrs. Eisenhower at the British Embassy, Washington, where the Queen entertained at a State Dinner. More than 80 guests, including Commonwealth Ambassadors, attended the party.



ESCORTED by Vice-President Richard Nixon, the Queen walks up the steps of the Capitol, Washington, to attend a luncheon. Behind them are Mrs. Nixon and Prince Philip.



ELEGANT in a white evening dress, the Queen greets the Secretary of State and Mrs. John Foster Dulles at a dinner given in her honor at Washington's Pan American Union.

Royal children will visit Australia soon

By ANNE MATHESON, who is covering the Royal visit to Canada and the United States.

• Prince Charles and Princess Anne will accompany the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh to Australia, definitely "in the near future," and probably before April, 1959.

I PINNED down her advisers to this statement in an exclusive interview following the Queen's successful TV broadcast to vast Canadian and American audiences, during which she said she would return to Canada and bring the children.

"When will the Queen revisit Australia, and why can't she bring the children with her?" I asked the advisers.

One of the officials replied: "The Queen particularly wants Prince Charles to grow up in the countries of the Commonwealth, and Australia is one country she will certainly want him to see."

"The Queen has promised the Canadians she will return in the spring of 1959 for the opening of the St. Lawrence Seaway. But we hope the Australian tour will be fitted in before this."

Next big visit

She has no official date yet fixed for her visit to Australia, but I was assured by the adviser who organises all her programmes that it is the next important visit.

The Queen's clothes have been loudly praised and acclaimed by Canadian and American fashion writers.

Although her wardrobe for the United States was padlocked with an armed guard in Ottawa, it didn't deter American "dress pirates."

Mrs. Edmund Funke, an enterprising fashion designer, claimed in an interview to the "Ottawa Journal" that she

would have variations on the Royal wardrobe in the chain stores of America within four weeks.

She went to Ottawa for the Royal visit, brought two assistants, and sat from the very first moment of the Queen's arrival sketching outlines of her clothes for a new series of cheap cotton dresses which were on sale even before the Queen arrived in the United States.

Her assistants, both men, used cameras to catch a permanent record of each Royal dress as it appeared.

Queen Elizabeth stepped back into history when she started her United States tour by a visit to historic Jamestown.

Smiling, the Queen stepped off the plane which had brought her from Canada, to be greeted by a six-gun Army saluting battery, and full military honors were rendered by the Armed Forces honor guard—drawn up with their alloy helmets gleaming.

Imaginative favors of dolls dressed as queens with tiny golden crowns were carried on long sticks by hundreds of cheering Americans.

Little boys in Davy Crockett hats and cowboy suits and girls in jeans waved Union Jacks as well as Stars and Stripes.

Families on holiday had driven through the night to line the route three-deep, picnicking in open convertibles in the golden sunlight as they watched the Queen of England drive by on her way to Jamestown.

"I didn't think she was so young," was the general com-

ment. "What a beautiful, sweet smile," was another. "Why, she's got all those Hollywood stars beat," said a Virginian in a slow drawl.

Governor Thomas Stanley, Governor of Virginia, and Mrs. Stanley accompanied the Queen and Prince Philip to Jamestown, where there was a guard of honor in the dress worn by their forefathers who colonised Virginia.

Typical tourist

The Queen walked nearly three miles sightseeing on the first day.

"What a programme," said one of the crowd, "but we heard she wanted to see everything she could, just as though she was one of the visitors."

The festival was like stepping through the looking-glass for the Queen, who was shown what more than 9000 visitors a day see of the magical and careful reconstruction of how the first successful English colonists built what they called their first "cittie" and began their first industries.

From Jamestown the Queen arrived in the historic area of Williamsburg, where she saw some 82 surviving 18th-century structures which have been carefully restored.

The Queen had her wish on Saturday afternoon when she saw an American football game from a Royal box on the 50-yard line at College Park, Maryland.

Joining in the crowd's frenzied excitement, the Queen and Prince Philip thoroughly enjoyed the match, which is the "big game" and one of intense rivalry between the University of Maryland and

the University of North Carolina.

There was the largest turnout for any event of the Queen's American visit. There would have been a big crowd in any event, since the 43,000 capacity was already sold out before the Queen asked if she and Philip could possibly attend.

After that, there wasn't even standing room. Those who came to see the game roared as those who came to see the Queen trained binoculars on her and Philip, and saw nothing of the match.

Entertainment before the game started was the most riotous and crazy ever devised by collegiates.

From North Carolina came boys and girls dressed in blue-and-white with blue stetsons and flourishing blue and white streamers and feathers, who danced in front of stands to a band playing "Way Down in Dixie."

There was more entertainment before the match, with singing through megaphones and the marching of drum-majorettes.

It was just perfect football weather. Hot-dogs and hamburgers, the choice of thousands of spectators, were also provided for the Royal party, and in a coffee urn there was steaming hot coffee for the Queen.

The gate was so enormous that the college boys and girls made 35,000 dollars (approx. £A15,750), all of which goes to support sports activities.

The Royal progress from the White House had been broadcast, interrupting the playing of bands, the cheer-leading and the chanting of organised football cheers such as "tiger" and "locomotive." In a student body cheer-leaders spelled out each letter with

cards and worked themselves into a frenzy.

Wild cheering greeted the Queen's arrival. The team captains and co-captains were presented, and the Queen stood up to the heaviest barrage of photographers she's ever faced at such close quarters.

Football frenzy

The Queen donned her dark glasses halfway through the game. The coat she wore was full-length mink given to her by America's mutation mink growers. She covered her knees with a coral rug to match her dress.

Singing and cheering like a giant chorus at comic opera continued throughout the game.

Everyone on the official platform clapped and cheered every move. Many were disappointed that the Queen didn't "holler."

Fans who came to see the Queen and the football lost all sense of the Royal occasion. Louder and louder grew the shrieks, wilder and wilder the cries.

Philip joined in on many occasions, and the football match, when Maryland "downed" North Carolina 21 to 7, was certainly not "Ladies' Day" in Maryland.

By this time the Queen had quite made up her mind not only to see how young Ameri-

cans enjoy an afternoon's football, and all America comes in to cheer, but she had the chauffeur stop her car on the way back to the White House and spent 20 minutes in one of America's giant chain-store supermarkets.

The supermarket was thronged with shoppers as the Queen threaded her way through the crowds pushing wire baskets on wheels. "What a wonderful idea," said the Queen, as she saw these trolley baskets.

She admired the packaging of American foods and the enormous variety of goods on display.

The Queen did no shopping, though housewives noted a Lady-in-Waiting was at the ready with her purse to pay for anything the Queen might purchase.

Prince Philip, however, was eager to do some shopping. He settled for cheese and crackers, and was fishing in his pocket for American money when the store manager said, "Oh, sir, we'd like you to accept this as a gift."

So, like any American husband, Philip left the store with unwrapped cheese and crackers.

Whatever American people had thought about the Queen, on this Saturday afternoon at Maryland they certainly took the Royal couple to their hearts.

NOW is picture time !



Kodak TRI-X Film

This super-speed film gets those "difficult" pictures in dull light or ordinary home lighting. Best for "action" shots. (Not recommended for box-type cameras in bright sunlight.)



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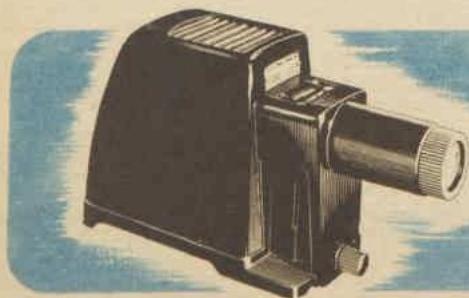
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 30, 1957



AT MICHIGAN State University Murray Rose and his father were entertained for two days. From left: Charles McCaffrey, the University's swimming coach, David Lean, a Tasmanian and an Australian Olympic hurdler, Murray and Ian Rose.

A Rose on the campus

By RONALD MCKIE

This is the story of the Rose family in search of a university and of their Adventures in Alumniland.

MURRAY ROSE, Australia's Olympic swimming star, has entered the University of Southern California, at Los Angeles, to take a four-year degree course in telecommunications — television and films.

He has been given a scholarship of £400 a year to pay for his tuition and about £12 a week to cover room and food, for which he must work two hours a day on parts of the university grounds.

He may also work outside the university if he can get work and find the time between his gardening job, his study — which the university estimates should be a 40-hour week — and his swimming.

But long before Murray Rose decided to enter the University of Southern California he had been heavily wooed by some of the major U.S. universities.

To be strictly correct, the universities themselves did not do the wooing.

No faculty member of the three main groups of American universities is allowed to approach an individual and recruit him.

But the wooing is done by university alumni or old boys, which amounts to much the same thing.

Even before Murray left Australia, sport-keen old boys of Stanford University, San Francisco, had approached him, sold him the advantages and delights of their Alma Mater, and the university had actually agreed to admit him as an undergraduate.

But the real wooing didn't start until he and his parents reached the U.S. mainland, where the San Francisco "Chronicle" hailed him the "world's greatest swimmer," and the "Examiner's" headline read, "A Rose Is a Rose Is a Swimmer."

Murray's father, Ian Rose,



AT LOS ANGELES Murray Rose swam with Johnny Weissmuller, film star and former American Olympic champion. Later they appeared on a television programme together.

says that at no time was the wooing at high pressure.

"It was always done in such a courteous, friendly, helpful way, with no sordid references to things like scholarships or money, that we were hardly aware we were being wooed."

While at Honolulu, Murray had already been invited to swim at Stanford.

Stormy lunch

But within hours of his arrival in San Francisco an old boy of Michigan State University had him to lunch at the Tonga Room, in the Fairmont Hotel, where an orchestra plays on a raft in the middle of a big pool, and regularly every half hour to the crash and flash of synthetic thunder and lightning it rains "a la Tonga" on the pool.

When the Rose family reached Los Angeles another Michigan old boy took over. He drove them around, wined and dined them, showed them a film of his old university, and lent them a car for three weeks.

But while this was going on old boys of the University of Southern California were also active.

They entertained him, were careful to point out that Southern California had the world's best television and film school, praised the indoor, heated, 25-metre, nine-lane pool, and the Olympic pool just outside the grounds.

Before the Rose family left for the eastern States a major film company had moved in with a tentative £5000-a-year offer as a start — on condition that Murray planned to become an American citizen.

He turned the offer down for this reason and because the job might endanger his amateur status.

In New York old boys of half a dozen major universities were smartly on the phone with invitations before Murray and his parents went to

stay with Yale's famous swimming coach, Bob Kiphuth, and to be indoctrinated by more old boys.

But the heat came on as they neared Michigan State University.

"We were met at Detroit by three old boys, each with a car," Ian Rose says.

"We were lunched at the Dearborn Inn and then, each in a separate car, driven 60 miles to Michigan University, at East Lansing.

"For two days we were the guests of the alumni at Kellogg Centre, the campus hotel, and were not even allowed to pay tips.

"Next day Mr. Kenneth ("Tug") Wilson, head of the Big Ten universities and president of the U.S. Olympic Committee, came from Chicago to attend a big meeting in our honor in the university's Great Hall.

Murray was never offered a scholarship. He was given to understand that if he felt disposed to consider applying for entry to Michigan State, all he had to do was fill in certain entry forms and his application would be considered favorably.

"After our two days he formally applied for entry and was offered a scholarship worth £350 a year.

"And although he did not turn this down immediately, Murray by then was more interested in California and back we went to Los Angeles."

They were back only a few hours before Dick Beals, Hollywood "child" star and a Michigan old boy, had invited them to lunch at a swank Hollywood restaurant, two Stanford old boys had them to dinner, and a Southern Californian old boy had offered Murray membership

of the famous Los Angeles Athletic Club, which has indoor track, gym, and pool.

But Southern California alumni really went into action when Murray said he was very interested in their university, especially because of its television-film school and its training facilities, but mentioned his special vegetarian diet.

He was interviewed — and the interview tape-recorded — by the university's dietitian, chef, and medical department, and Los Angeles shops were checked to see if they stocked carrot juice, sunflower seeds, and other ingredients which go into Murray's diet.

Tough exam

The composite decision was positive: The university (20,000 students) would serve Mr. Rose with his own special vegetarian diet.

Murray's father can tell you the rest of this story:

"There are more would-be students in America today than colleges to hold them, and when Murray applied to enter Southern California the Dean of Admissions couldn't have cared less.

"He was quite prepared to reject Murray unless he passed an entrance examination.

"There is no such thing as an 'athletic scholarship' in top U.S. universities today, though a few Olympic gold medals may help balance minor academic qualifications.

"The days when a record-breaking swimmer or world pole jumper automatically qualified for an American university are over.

"If Murray had failed the tough entrance examination, no amount of pushing by the most influential old boys would have got him in, and nothing can keep him there unless he performs well at his studies."



Vogue-endorsed,
time-tested
for cool,
comfortable
elegance

Linen comes in many weights — from the finest handkerchief lawn to rugged, sports-minded hopsack. And there's no fabric quite like Irish Linen to run the whole gamut of colours from white through the palest, prettiest pastels to the strong, glowing colours that mean contemporary fashion.

For all its elegance, linen is a down-to-earth proposition for summer — it looks cool, is cool, and is pre-shrunk and "Tebilised" for tested crease-resistance. Irish Linen outwears almost any other fabric, man-made or natural fibre. If you've never known the delicious femininity of a handkerchief linen blouse or a really elegant linen suit or dress, you're missing the best in fashion. But be sure you buy Irish Linen.

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Irish Linen Association of Australia, Box 3988, G.P.O., Sydney.
Please send free copy of booklet, "Irish Linen in the Home."

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IL 37.2PC

TERRIER'S EYE VIEW OF A DOG SHOW



ABOVE: "Why was I born so beautiful? How I'd like to forget that brushes exist," thinks Aldoon Bonny Boy, champion Australian silky terrier, owned by Mr. C. Stevens, of Willoughby, N.S.W.



ABOVE: "We can't all be best in show, so I'll be a pal and sit this one out," says three-year-old Morts Brat, an Australian terrier, watching the judging with Mrs. J. Heywood, of Randwick, N.S.W.



RIGHT: "I know I'm the best Yorkshire terrier in the show, but will the judge agree?" Gambler's Star has last-minute misgivings before parading with her owner, Mrs. J. Hunt, of Penshurst, N.S.W.

THROUGH the jumble of biscuits, brushes, boxes, and barking that provide the background for a dog show, staff photographer Ron Berg picked a careful path at the British Terrier Club of Australia Show in Sydney recently.

On these pages are his candid camera impressions of the blue-bloods of the terrier world, with some equally candid comments from the pooches themselves.

Dog-show-goers are familiar with the comments of the exhibitors. We decided to record the comments of the exhibited . . .



RIGHT: "Steward! There's a boy in our box!" John Mayall (10), of Carlingford, N.S.W., reads his book unmoved as Mayalla Minnie Mouse (left) and Mayalla Noelle lodge this objection.



"HOW IT'S DONE? I looked the judge appealingly in the eye." Mr. A. Hackney's prize-winner Willeva Bonnie tells her technique to Miss E. Williams, of Randwick, N.S.W.



"WE'VE BEEN TUBBED, scrubbed, rubbed — and now we just want to sleep." Show business is tiring for Mrs. W. Berriman's three silky terriers, Julie, Terrence, and Cheryl.



"SURE I'M IN THE PINK. I won the first prize, didn't I? But just now I'm not interested in vital statistics—just fresh biscuits," muses Mrs. V. Bristow's Artel Dinkie Di.



LEFT: "Life's all sharing—food, box, and now the prize for the best fox-terrier litter." Mrs. Jean Shannon holds four-weeks-old pups owned by Mrs. S. G. Gorman.

ABOVE: "Don't look now, but there's a cameraman watching us. Why can't a chap speak to a pal in privacy?" says prize-winner Dorncote Laddie to prize-winner Greeba Terry.

The Graceful Look



How easy to look graceful all through a hot summer's day in this cool, flowered anti-shrink Lavenelle by Adelyn! Note the flattering cross-over neckline... neat tucks either side of a front panel... softly pleated skirt... so "band-box" fresh! Specially created for the fuller figure 5' 4" and under.

SUSAN FITTING SSW-OS
STYLE 301

Adelyn

ALL LEADING STORES STOCK ADELYN

BEAT THE HEAT WITH

Happy Feet
by Contouré
(say CON-TOO-RAY)

ONLY 8/9

SENSATIONAL FOOT CREAM FROM U.S.A.

- relieves tired aching feet instantly; soothes, cools.
- softens hard tissue, callouses.
- won't stain, dries immediately.
- helps prevent 'athlete's foot,' eliminates foot odours.
- P.S. — a 'must' for men, too — keeps socks, shoes fresh.

FROM: CONTOURÉ BARS — LEADING STORES, CHEMISTS

TELEVISION PARADE

By NAN MUSGROVE

● The Queen's first live telecast—an address to the Canadian people during her recent tour, was an obvious strain on Royal nerves, according to critical Canadian and American audiences.

"ELIZABETH had the jitters," they said.

She'd have been less than human if she hadn't. Not only was it her first experience of being hemmed in by the lights and cameras of a studio telecast, but she also faced an audience estimated at 60,000,000.

The broadcast, hailed as "wonderful in its sincerity" despite the nervousness the Queen showed, was carefully produced and rehearsed.

Producer for the occasion was 27-year-old Michael Hind-Smith, who said he decided that the "set" (a small drawing-room at Government House, Ottawa) should be kept as simple as possible.

The Queen was made up by Canada's world-famous photographer Karsch, who also arranged the lighting.

No greater compliment or help could have been given the Queen. (A photographic study by Karsch is equal in prestige and quality in its own field to a portrait by Annigoni, famous Italian painter.)

For the past two months Karsch and Hind-Smith have studied every photograph of the Queen they could get.

"I had to be careful to see the Queen did not look heavier on TV than she is," Karsch said.

THE much-maligned Australian rabbit is a "world-beater" when it comes to high-fashion millinery, according to Mr. Guy Fanning, president of the Victorian Wholesale Millinery Manufacturers' Association.

"This local bunny is responsible for producing topline velours. You couldn't better them anywhere," he said.

Showing us velour hoods in the range of 36 colors chosen by the association for next winter's fashions, Mr. Fanning pointed out the sheen and strength of the Australian-made samples.

"Don't get carried away when you are shown an imported velour," he said.

"Remember that Australian velours are finer, much stronger than imported velours."

"This is because Australian velour hoods are made from wild-rabbit fur, which has a natural sheen, and all they need is polishing."

"Overseas velours are made from captive rabbits, which are a backyard industry. The fur is not as tough, has no natural sheen, and has to be treated with chemicals."

The association has standardised 36 colors for next winter's hats in an effort to simplify buying by retailers.

"Blues of the deeper shade will definitely be 'in' next winter," Mr. Fanning said, "with mauves following them closely."

"The Queen's youth, her light brown hair, her true personality could all have been ruined if the lighting or makeup had been wrong.

"She could have looked heavier very easily."

And a fashion note for TV's ladies: Fashion experts criticised the Queen's pale blue and silver lame dress. They said the deep plunge neckline she wore was unflattering and that she should have had a rounded neckline or a conservative V neck with a soft collar. They also claimed that her three-quarter sleeves from raglan shoulders "came out heavy" on TV.

B.B.C. officials are wondering whether this TV experience will make any difference to the arrangements made for Queen Elizabeth's first Christmas telecast.

Before the Canadian trip, she was insisting on being entirely alone in the room from where she was televised.

She refused adamantly to have cameramen, engineers, or producers in the room with her, which would mean that the B.B.C. would use a camera operated by remote control from an adjoining room.

Prince Philip has advised the Queen to dispense with an obvious script and use a teleprompter—a blackboard on

which the script is printed in large letters, known in Australia and America as an "idiot board."

Her use of a script in Canada looks as if she has discarded this idea.

Australian television viewers will see a number of very interesting films of the Royal visit to North America from A.B.C.-TV.

* * *

Domestic Intelligences: ATN's Dawn Dingwall, star of Channel 7's Romper Room and co-ordinating producer of their children's session, "Captain Fortune," has announced her engagement to Fred Kenyon, an engineer from the Marconi Co. of England, in Australia temporarily to supervise the installation of Marconi equipment on TV channels.

The quiet wedding in mid-December will be at St. Phillip's, Church Hill, with Rev. Craven-Sands, another "Captain Fortune" identity, officiating at the ceremony. Immediately after the wedding the Kenyons will sail for England, their future home.

Dawn hopes to find a spot for herself in B.B.C.-TV there. She's in a whirl making arrangements for her wedding. ATN is in a whirl, too, making arrangements for someone



DAWN DINGWALL

to take her place. It's going to be a difficult job.

* * *

ABN'S Mary Rossi, who retired from Channel 2's "Woman's World" to await a baby, is now proudly showing off her fifth daughter, Sally. Sally weighed 8lb. 2oz. when she was born on October 13 at St. Margaret's Hospital. Sally has one brother, Tim, 6, who has welcomed her just as enthusiastically as her four sisters. There is no definite news of Mary's return to Channel 2; her new baby's demands are keeping her busy.

* * *

TCN'S Robert Kennedy and his "Town Talk" will retire shortly from Channel 9. Mr. Kennedy has been appointed Press Relations officer to the Queen Mother for her Australian tour. He is now busy with tour arrangements and, no doubt, the practice of a courtly bow. Perhaps the monocle he sported occasionally on "Town Talk" goes with the appointment.

* * *

Worth Reporting

Jewels by courtesy
of the dentist

DISCARDED equipment from her husband's dental surgery has helped build an interesting hobby in making enamel jewellery for Mrs. Mitzi Meller, of St. Kilda, Vic.

Viennese-born Mrs. Meller, who is skilled in the ancient European art of enamelling on metal, keeps improving the tools in her two "workshops" by converting the dental instruments.

Mrs. Meller cuts and shapes necklaces, earrings, brooches and dress-rings from copper or pure silver.

She began to study the metalwork and enamelling art before she left Vienna 22 years ago.

She plans soon to use aboriginal motifs.

**Victory follows
a house-hunt**

AT the end of a successful house-hunt is the N.S.W. Epileptic Welfare Association.

Mrs. M. Trusler, honorary secretary, reports that the association has bought the Fair Home Country Club at Rooty Hill, and hopes to have the house open by Christmas as a home for epileptics.

It will be the first home of its kind in N.S.W., and will

house 20 epileptic children and adults.

Parents and guardians of epileptics frequently have to do without vacations and even necessary medical treatment because their patients can't be left without supervision.

The association hopes their new project, primarily a holiday home, will meet this problem.

But now Mrs. Trusler is on the hunt again.

This time it's for big-hearted volunteers to help

paint and decorate the home, which stands in five and a half acres, and has tennis courts and a swimming-pool.

* * *

WHEN an elegant French poodle wearing a wide diamante collar moved among guests at a recent cocktail party at Surfers' Paradise, a Brisbane colleague asked its owner if the dog always wore diamonds.

"Oh, no," came the reply, with great hauteur, "only in the evenings."

BOOK NEWS

By HELEN FRIZELL

"GUESTWARD HO!" by Barbara Hooton, as confided to Patrick Dennis.

SET down yippily, not zippily, is this account of a dude ranch in New Mexico's corral country. Aided in the telling by Patrick Dennis (of "Auntie Mame" renown), proprietress Barbara Hooton makes capital from the terrible, but oh so funny, times when the cook got drunk, the food ran out, and the female guests turned manhunters. Amusing at first, the book grows tedious, as life in a guesthouse often does.

—Published by Jarrold.

"THE CALLED AND THE CHOSEN," by Monica Baldwin.

THOSE who remember Monica Baldwin's auto biography, "I Leap Over the Wall," which told of her year as a nun, will find themselves on familiar ground when reading her first novel. It relates how Sister Ursula joins a religious community, strives for the spiritual life, doubts her vocation, and makes her decision. This novel parallels the author's own life so fully that it can hardly be classed fiction.

—Hamish Hamilton

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 30, 1957



Revlon

shook the spectrum

and a peach tumbled down!

'Snow Peach'

A peach with a pink complexion—cooling its blushes
in snow—for lips and matching fingertips!

There's no peach like 'SNOW PEACH'—a heavenly hybrid of a peach, like nothing ever grown

(like nothing ever known till now!). This look of *light, bright* lips and fingertips is pure allure

against your sun-kissed skin. Terrific with a tan! Makes paler complexions like peaches and cream!

Now Revlon captures it . . . the look that has rocked the Riviera!

Hot and cold . . . beautiful and bold . . . this powerhouse peach will make your summer!



'SNOW PEACH' Lanolite Lipstick in 'Futurama' case, only.....	13/6
Frosted Nail Enamel.....	12/3
Regular Nail Enamel.....	8/11

Final
Instalment:

DIOR by Dior

Fashion fight against fraud

• Three or four days after the opening of a new collection Christian Dior retires to his country home at Montauroux to rest until he begins again the twice-yearly (spring and autumn) cycle of fashion design and construction around which his life revolves. In the final instalment of his autobiography he describes one unwanted, two indispensable groups of people who play leading roles in the drama of haute couture . . .

FOR five months the collection is shown daily, and during all this time the tragicomedy of the copyists is being enacted in the bars and hotels around the Avenue Montaigne.

There are five classical methods by which dresses are copied, of which the most distasteful is naturally that which originates with the treachery of a member of the staff. Every precaution is taken against it.

The models, when they are carried from one part of the building to another, are either covered with a coat or draped in white toile — so that the girls look as if they are carrying ghosts.

In every workroom, in the corridors even, there are numerous notices to remind the staff that "Copying is stealing" and that "Piracy kills our livelihood." I am glad to say that I have come across very few cases of this nature.

The second method of copying occurs when the collection is shown to the Press. In

most cases, what takes place is really a regrettable abuse of the details of the collection which are released, rather than exact copying.

All the French journalists have to sign a special guarantee in front of the Chambre Syndicale de la Couture before being given their special Press pass which admits them to the collections. They understand the extent of their rights, but some of their foreign colleagues, less sure, overstep the limits of good faith.

Microscopic photographs

We have, dotted about the salons, three or four people whose sole mission is to discover these lapses; thus involuntary frauds are speedily uncovered. The miscreants are politely asked to hand over to us the sketches they have made. The law of haute couture is implacable: "Write all you like, but don't draw!"

A rarer, but more serious, occurrence is a deliberate attempt at copying. We unmasked one such scoundrel taking microscopic photographs with a camera scarcely larger than a button. He was very quickly shown the door.

The third method of copying, and probably the most common, is the work of our clients, who sketch secretly

some of the models, pretending they are trying to memorise the general look of the dress.

When they are discovered we either make them buy the disputed model or confiscate their sketches and keep their caution money.

These forms of fraud belong in the category of reprehensible activities; the two I now describe are systematic pillage.

The "models renters" had their heyday in the years just after the war, and it was not until 1948 that their ring-leader, a particularly cunning woman, was detected. She had bought through several intermediaries—generally private clients—the best models from the great Parisian couture houses.

On her return to New York she organised a miniature show of her own. This semi-official showing took place in the Plaza, and admission was by invitation only. Every guest had to pay for his or her entrance to the tune of 350 or 500 dollars. For this price he had the right to take away any model he chose and return it three days later after having copied it.

If he wanted to hire a larger number of dresses he paid proportionately more; people even had to book certain especially popular dresses

◀ BEFORE and AFTER D (for Dior) DAY ▼



PRE-NEW-LOOK ensemble of 1942 (above), with the skirt of suit and coat above knee-level and the then-fashionable square shoulder-line.



ADAPTATION of the New Look (right), with the skirt billowing about the ankles. This frock was shown in our 1948 French mannequin parades, a year after Dior introduced the New Look.

now!

summer life's so simple . . .

Tennyson
disciplined poplin

makes lightwork of
Sportscraft classics

There's so much to make a girl long for Sportscraft in Tennyson's disciplined poplin! Perfection tailored, they dry so quickly and smoothly, a stroke

with the iron is all that's needed!

They're pre-shrunk, color-fast . . . never need starch and release creases overnight. You'll look immaculate all day, day after day!

The Shirtdress—softly feminine, with newly bloused back. About £9

The Blouse—action back, tabbed pockets and sleeves. About £2/13/6 XSSW-XW in solids and pastels.

AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

Sportscraft →

THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN CLASSIC

Rule is: "Write all you like, but don't draw"

in order to have their turn at copying them.

In 1948 a preliminary warning cost the "models renter" several million francs in fines to the Chambre Syndicale de la Couture—nevertheless she persisted in her trade, which was legal by American law.

For three seasons French couture tried to protect itself by making secret marks between the lining and the material of each dress.

A delegate of the Chambre Syndicale was sent to each show at the Plaza. Passing himself off as a client, he hired several dresses, unstitched an agreed corner of the lining, and wired off the numbers to Paris. Thus, little by little, all the buyers employed by the "models renter" were discovered.

Albums of sketches

In the course of this fight against fraud, a method of marking dresses was used which had been employed by the big laundries. It is based upon the use of an indelible ink, invisible to the naked eye, and only shows when the material is put under an ultra-violet ray. No dress now leaves my house without this distinctive mark.

The "models renter" was succeeded by the publisher of albums of sketches.

Immediately after the opening of the French collections, even before the dresses have been delivered to our regular clients, a large number of subscribers receive at their homes, against a payment of a thousand dollars (the equivalent of our own caution money), an album of sketches containing the models of each leading house. If the buyer wants further albums he pays proportionately more.

He now has at his disposal a mass of documentation on the subject of the Paris collection without ever moving out of America, and the editor has the effrontery to demand his silence, under pain of prosecution.

In August, 1955, alone, more than a thousand subscribers procured about three hundred models from the collections of the principal French couturiers by this means; 142 of my own models figured in the album, of which 57 were exact copies.

Who furnishes the editors of these albums with their information? I am afraid their informants are trusted guests whom we receive during the first days of the collection, perhaps even at the opening itself, since the sketches appear, at the latest, four days after the opening. By comparing notes with the various houses, it is possible to find out whose presence tends to coincide with pirating, but so far we have not been able to transform these suspicions into certainties.

Now, my mannequins... The dressing-room, or cabine, of the mannequins is



*WONDERFUL
black evening
gown from Dior's
1957 autumn col-
lection to be
shown in our
Melbourne and
Sydney parades.*

a world of its own. Like a box at the theatre, it has its armchairs, its lamps, and its mirrors, and it has the same tawdry quality.

The mannequins, or "jeunes filles," are obsessed by one idea — to look beautiful. Of course, they are all beautiful to start with, but at the same time they are all a little unsure of their own charms. Once they have finished their make-up they turn to Mme de Turckheim, who rules the cabine, and ask her anxiously: "Do I look pretty, baronne?"

If she fails to reassure them they are thoroughly cast down for at least five minutes—the time it takes them to correct their appearance in front of the mirror. Nowhere else would you find such a pure cult of beauty. The actress in her dressing-room is thinking of her part as much as of her face. The mannequin, on the other hand, is concentrated entirely on looking beautiful.

Like a class in beauty

Chronically unpunctual, your mannequin bursts into the cabine exclaiming anxiously: "I'm not late, am I?"

But if she is unpunctual she can also move very fast. In the twinkling of an eye she has undressed, donned a white overall, and seated herself in front of her dressing-table. This forms part of a line, like a row of desks in a schoolroom. The cabine often reminds me of a class with its pupils studying to take a degree in beauty. In every desk is hidden a horde of

sweets, knitting, mascots, photographs, and billets doux.

This little world bears no resemblance to the lurid pictures which have been painted of it, along the lines of the Edwardian chorus girls' dressing-rooms. Gentlemen in opera cloaks do not wait under the porches of couture houses to take the mannequins' arms and guide them into waiting carriages.

Today it is the girls' husbands—if anybody—who wait for them, grumbling slightly because they are late. Most of them leave alone in a hurry, and leap into a taxi or down the Metro in order to get home as quickly as possible. The lucky ones possess a good middle-class car.

There is always a tendency in the public mind to invest the career of these girls with a false glamor which is very far from reality. They lead the sort of life which suits them and they make the marriages they want.

The husband they are looking for is not necessarily Prince Charming or a millionaire banker, but a man whom they like, to whom they will be a loving wife, a good

HOW TO BOOK

BOOKINGS open on November 4 for the December 7 gala parade premiere at David Jones Ltd., Sydney. Application can be made by letter, enclosing cheque, to David Jones' Dior Parades. Seats for parades from December 9 to 14 (two on December 14) will be available from November 11 on the second floor, Elizabeth Street store.

Prices: Gala, £5/5/- each; others, £1/1/- each.

housewife, and an excellent mother. It is in order to lead this exemplary life twenty-one hours a day that they consent to lead the life of a butterfly for three. Ordinarily the mannequin spends from three to eight years in a couture house, battling with the exhausting existence of the shows and Press photographs, and then disappears.

For some of my "jeunes filles" I have a peculiar fondness, seeing them as Pygmalion saw Galatea. They alone can bring my clothes to life.

In creating them even, I have had these girls in mind. It is not until they put on the model that I see the dress in its full glory. It is true that I am demanding; but who is not, in pursuit of the realisation of his dreams?

Continued on Page 29

You must try

White Rain

LOTION SHAMPOO



Check these reasons why . . .

- ✓ White Rain is free from dulling impurities—leaves hair alive with natural highlights.
- ✓ White Rain is gentle—its exclusive ingredients preserve the natural oils so necessary to healthy hair.
- ✓ White Rain is economical—because it's a lotion; it does not run away through your fingers.

5/- A BOTTLE

Are you WORRYING your life away?

If you are always tense and anxious, if you're "on edge" and lack confidence, your nerves need Sanatogen.

Constant worrying and tiredness, broken sleep, irritability are signs of nervous stress; signs that your body and nerve cells need extra nourishment.

Sanatogen provides essential nerve nourishment because Sanatogen is a PROTEIN nerve tonic. You'll find that a course of Sanatogen will help you to relax, to sleep soundly and feel unworried in daily life.

Sanatogen is not a drug or sedative. It is a nerve-nutrient of lasting value—a tonic recommended by doctors the world over and sold by all chemists.

Sanatogen THE PROTEIN NERVE TONIC

Practical Householder

- You'll save pounds and pounds if you spend 2/- a month on "Practical Householder," Australia's big Do-It-Yourself magazine. Packed with information on how to do those odd jobs round the house, it's on sale at all newsagents.

A black and white photograph of a man and a woman in a car. The man, on the left, is wearing a dark suit and a patterned tie, looking towards the woman. The woman, on the right, is wearing a red and yellow striped dress, smiling and holding a cigarette. They are both smoking, with smoke visible. In the foreground, a pack of Rothmans King Size cigarettes is shown, with one cigarette removed and held by the man's hand.

Easy draw

Finer flavour

**Rothmans
KING SIZE**

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT

FILTER

ROTHMANS OF PALL MALL LONDON EST 1857

*and the best
Virginia tobaccos
money can buy*

So easy to change to...from ordinary cigarettes

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 30, 1957



BABY-COMPETITION PARTY. Mrs. Marcel Dekker, holding her niece Jennifer Lindquist, talks to Mrs. Russell Nash and seventeen-months-old Sara Nash at the party given by Mrs. Neville Manning at her Bellevue Hill home for the babies entered in the competition, which raised more than £1000 for the Royal Blind Society of N.S.W. The winner, Angela Clayton, raised £500.



AMBASSADOR for the United States, Mr. William J. Sebold, and his wife with Mrs. Orray Taft (right) at the reception given by the American Society at the Pickwick Club.

ENGAGED. Mary Whitney, daughter of Mr. Tim Whitney, of Mudgee, and the late Mrs. Whitney, photographed in London with her fiance, John Parshall, son of Mr. H. Parshall and the Hon. Mrs. Ursula Parshall.



CHARMING VISITORS from England, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Elliott, are spending six weeks in Australia. In Sydney and Canberra they stayed with Mrs. Elliott's sister, Lady Carrington, wife of the U.K. High Commissioner, Lord Carrington, and will also stay with relatives in Brisbane.



COUNTRY WEDDING. Mr. and Mrs. Kevin McKillop leaving the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour, Warren. The bride was formerly Susan McKay, elder daughter of Mrs. Bev McKay, of "The Overflow," Warren, and the late Mr. McKay. The newlyweds will live at Trangie.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

CHRISTMAS parties seem to be getting earlier and earlier each year as hosts and hostesses strive for dates, but I'm sure that Sydney's bachelors must be the very first this year to issue invitations to a Christmas dance—it will be held on board the Italian liner *Sydney* on November 16.

Christmas decorations will bedeck the ship and a Christmas dinner with all the trimmings will be served buffet style.

Philip Simpson is heading the executive committee, backed up by Jim Bain, David Kellaway, and Terry Clune . . . they're hoping for a cloudless night so that the three hundred guests can dance on the deck in the moonlight as well as in the lounge.

Proceeds of this evening will go to the Entertainment Group of the Torchbearers for Legacy.

LOTS of country folk will be interested to hear that Ann and Duncan Livingston, of "Bullaroo," Moree, have a son, born recently at St. Margaret's Hospital. Ann's twin sister, Geraldine Moore, of "Moorelands," Moree, has taken a flat at Darling Point, and mother and son will spend a few weeks there before they all return home to Moree.

AFTER eighteen months in New Zealand, Judy Oates, of "Caleula," Mullion Creek, has returned home with a

diploma in agriculture from Massey Agricultural College. Judy spent a few days in Sydney before setting off home, where she hopes to gain some practical experience on the family property.

IT'S nice to see Mrs. Geoffrey Proctor down from Singapore with her four-year-old daughter, Belinda . . . Mrs. Proctor was formerly Heather Field and with her mother, Mrs. T. A. Field, is staying at "Lanyon," Queanbeyan. They will return to "Maharatta," Wahroonga, at the end of the week. Geoffrey will fly down to Sydney to spend Christmas with the family at Warrawee and they will go home to Singapore in February.

BRIEFLY . . . Edith Press, of "Oakvale," Ardglen, has announced her engagement to Patrick Mannix, of Quirindi . . . Lynette Jacobs, of Mosman, has collected some unusual souvenirs during her eight months' holiday overseas and is now the proud owner of castanets (from Las Palmas), bongo drums, and maracas (from Trinidad).



SPRING wedding . . . sixty-four yards of tulle went into the drifting skirt of Lola Todd's lace-and-tulle wedding gown for her marriage to Robert McGilchrist at St. Jude's Church, Randwick. Lola's four bridesmaids each chose a frock in a different pastel shade, to give an attractive rainbow effect. The bride is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Todd, of Maroubra Bay.

I LIKE Mrs. Claude Healy's smooth suntan, collected on a recent cruise to Japan, Manila, and Hongkong.

LATEST skiing casualties are Henrietta Montagu-Douglas-Scott, with a torn leg ligament, and Pat Osborne, who has a broken leg.

JAN FARMER and her fiance, Don Bethel, will be married at St. Clement's, Marrickville, on November 30. Jan is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Farmer, of Bexley North.

Anne



WED AT ALL SAINTS. Peter Martin and his bride, formerly Robyn Johnson, leave All Saints' Church, Woolrahra. Robyn is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnson.

NEW FASHION ERA IN NYLON



BRILLIANT turquoise-blue nylon net was chosen by London designer Norman Hartnell for the magnificent ball gown and sweeping cape (above). Both dress and cape are trimmed with swirls of sequins.

LEADING London fashion house Lachasse chose nylon chiffon printed in orange and red for this short-skirted evening dress (right). A dramatic stole in matching chiffon trails from one shoulder to the floor.

On these pages are five high-fashion dresses in British nylon designed by internationally famous couturiers. It is seen in superb colors and color arrangements, and in a variety of textures and weaves.





PARIS couturier Jean Desses designed the short-skirted formal (above) in cream-and-gold chiffon. The sleeveless bodice has a high, waisted bosom-line; the full harem-draped skirt is designed to flatter the wearer's legs. The elegant jewellery is by Paris House, London.



GALA coat-and-dress ensemble (above) by Worth of London is worn with an exotic turban. The material is reversible brocade in pale blue, gleaming with silver and gold thread. The silver side of the material is used for the dress, and the reverse side for the coat.

GLAMOROUS late-day separates (above) designed by London couturier Digby Morton. The cyclamen-pink top has a pretty front drape, low oval neckline, and tiny sleeves. The skirt, in one of the new Ascher-designed prints, features blue flowers on a pink ground. Note the unusual sarong-like drape reaching to the new above-ankle length.



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No other Powder
is so silky-fine, so kind
to his tender skin.

No other
keeps him so chafe-free
— so safe from irritations.

No other
is so especially HIS...
His after every bath or
change to bring comfort and contentment.
Johnson's is enjoyed by
more cuddlesome babies
than any other powder
in the world.

Johnson's
BABY
POWDER



Johnson's
BABY
POWDER

Johnson's

'n' HIS
after shaving,
showering.

The other man in the
house likes Johnson's, too.
Finds it smooth and re-
freshing.

Best for Baby
Best for You!

Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

VERY few people in Australia have not been upset and indignant over the attitude of the Governor and people of Little Rock, Arkansas, towards the negroes of that American State. Yet, if we Australians were to stop and examine the situation of our aborigines, we'd find it is no better than that of the negroes. For one thing, an aboriginal is allowed to benefit by few of the social services paid to the white Australians, although he is liable to pay income tax. Surely it's time we became fully aware of their plight and tried to help them in every way possible. Until this time, we can't afford to throw stones at others.

£1/- to Miss Kerry Cameron, 80 Thorne St., Wagga Wagga, N.S.W.

I'M not actually fat, though I readily admit having a few matronly bulges here and there. But why, oh why, must I suffer agonies each time I buy new corsets? Manufacturers please note. If I could do my work without bending, your corsets would be perfect. As it is, I gradually remove all bones, one by one, till I can bend without torture. Am I alone in my grievances, or do others gradually reduce their expensive models to a limp, but comfortable, wrinkled-up mess? Ah, that's better. I've just removed the last bone.

10/6 to Mrs. E. Pearson, 249 High St., Belmont, Geelong, Vic.

FOR the short time children live in a world of fantasy I think their nursery rhymes should be restricted to happy make-believe. I was quite horrified recently when I heard a children's session on the radio. The "fairy-tales" presented mental pictures frightening enough to an adult, let alone a child. In one story about three characters, one was murdered, the other choked, and one wandered off and was never found! Surely this type of story isn't necessary.

10/6 to Miss M. King, c/o 32 Jetty St., Grange, S.A.

WHAT is fair pocket-money for a child of seven? As we live in the country, with the nearest shops 17 miles away, pocket-money hasn't figured with my children, who, so far, never have more than 6d, or 1/- to spend as they like on our one trip a month to town. But I was horrified recently when a city friend casually remarked that she gave her three-year-old 6d. to spend on sweets or ice-cream every day, and a shilling to the older children, aged six and seven. This seems a fantastic amount for an ordinary working family to spend so frivolously. What do other readers say?

10/6 to "Waiting" (name supplied), Shepparton, Vic.

WHY is it that most dances in country towns don't start until 9.30 or 10 p.m.? I think this is very silly, as it must prevent many young parents attending. If the dances started promptly at 8 p.m. and ended at midnight or 1 a.m. instead of lasting half the night, baby-sitters would be more readily available, the best part of the evening wouldn't be wasted waiting for the festivities to start, and everyone would feel more alive the following morning.

10/6 to Mrs. M. Simpson, Box 48, P.O., Engowra, N.S.W.

£1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

Those endowment days

I MUST take Mrs. Bennetts (28/8/57) to task over her letter on child endowment. It's ludicrous to suggest that parents do without this assistance just because their parents did or because they'll miss it when it ceases. There'd be no progress at all if this attitude were general. Does Mrs. Bennetts approve of electricity? Our forebears didn't have that either, but who would like to be without it? Endowment is paid through the years when children are deemed to be non-earners. In most cases, 16-year-olds are supplementing the family income in some way, either with an apprentice wage, part-time job combined with higher studies, or even full employment. Because of this the transition from mothers collecting endowment and clothing their children to children earning enough to clothe themselves can be almost painless.

10/6 to Mrs. K. E. Brighton, Kincumber Rd., Greenpoint, via Erina, N.S.W.

Up in arms about the air

EVEN though Stephenie (18/9/57) has lived in Australia for many years, her ideas that Australians don't like fresh air and prefer posh cars to decent living conditions indicate she hasn't travelled much farther afield than Cessnock, N.S.W., where she lives. If she cared to visit sunny Queensland she would discover doors and windows opened wide. Just imagine anyone roasting behind closed doors with the temperature soaring to 120 degrees! Probably other citizens of Cessnock have more sense than to leave their doors open wide, because the air there can seldom be fresh. Also, she fails to mention that most Australians put a home before a car. Why paint such a prejudiced, one-sided picture?

10/6 to Mrs. M. Nielsen, "Oban," Dirranbandi, Qld.

Family affairs

MY children were terrified of thunder and lightning until I got the idea of telling them that the thunder was merely the noise made by Santa Claus and his helpers as they busily hammered away in their workshop making toys for the coming Christmas. Lightning, of course, was caused by the sparks flying from the hammers. This calmed their fears completely. Now their only reaction during storms is one of interest.

£1/- to Mrs. James Treloar, 24 O'Grady Ave., Frankston, Vic.

• Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.



'n' hers"

You, too, will love the satin-smooth luxury of Johnson's Baby Powder. You will enjoy those petal-soft sprinkles after every bath or shower, for they mean real skin comfort.

So misty-fine

... so long-lasting and so wonderful for safeguarding your freshness and feminine daintiness all day long.

economical too

Every giant-sized tin gives so much, costs so little. It's Baby's and yours... His 'n' Hers the loved family talc

Johnson's
BABY
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Johnson's
BABY
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Johnson's

'n' HIS
He chooses
Johnson's

Likes it after bath or
shave. To freshen up after
outdoor activity.

Best for Baby
Best for You!

TORTURED SOLE

man in a grey flannel suit who is one of the ten best-dressed men on the train in the morning.

There was only one snag. The shoes fitted a shade too well.

"No, we haven't a larger size in



that style," the man said. "Would you care to check the fit in our X-ray machine?"

But I had read an article somewhere about the dangers of X-rays. I didn't want to mess up my blood

corpuscles for a pair of shoes. I walked up and down the carpet. The shoes were not really tight, I thought. A bit of wear and they would fit me like an old shoe.

So I bought them. I put them on straight away.

By the time I got home that night I was worried. My feet were sore.

The next day was worse still. Coming home from the station the shoes hurt so much that I took them off.

As I trudged along in bare feet, carrying my shoes and socks, Mr. Bonwit walked past. He looked at me as if I were a man in a grey flannel singlet.

Now I'll have to buy some more shoes.

Why isn't there some way of getting to know them better beforehand?

It might be a good thing if you could get engaged to a pair of shoes. Then you could take them to the pictures every week.

If they were not suitable you would be right to call it off, even though people said you were a heel.

THE GHOST THAT WENT WALKABOUT

By E. WICKES



This week's prize-winning story
For "Readers' Choice" contest see page 53

I WAS cold, damp, and hungry after a long ride through misty rain and intermittent patches of fog, when I saw buildings looming through the greyness of the sleet and dusk of evening. As my eye sought for a hotel to stay at for the night, I noticed light dimly showing through a window emblazoned with the word Bar. Apart from this small sign of civilisation, the rest of the township had all the eeriness of a ghost town.

If the next town had not been so far away, I would have probably continued onwards as soon as I had looked inside the door, for the interior did nothing towards creating an impression of welcome and good cheer. The bar was dark, smelly with stale beer and tobacco. The counter looked as though it had never been washed, as did the half-dozen or more empty glasses upon it. Hanging from the ceiling was an ancient and fly-specked kerosene lamp, whose smoky flame had first identified the place for me, but now did not disclose anyone who could provide me with any service.

There were two customers present who were sitting on a bench that ran along the back wall with a little fox terrier between them, who was carefully watching the bottle of wine they were sharing as if to make sure there was no cheating. They all three watched me as I banged upon the counter, the dog with eyes bright with intelligence, his two companions with the owl-like appearance of those who are happily drunk.

At last one ventured to speak, "If you are looking for the Murphys, they're down the street." This incident was my introduction to the honesty of the township of Wog Wog, for where else would you find a publican prepared to leave his wares and till at the mercy of whoever cared to enter?

I was just leaving when mine host and hostess, the trustful and unprepossessing Murphys, arrived and said I was just in time for tea. It was evident they were both in the habit of drinking the profits of their establishment. Mrs. Murphy's cry of "Come and get it" brought forth two other diners from the mysteries of the dim passage, and following them I entered the dining-room, taking the only other place that was set with cutlery.

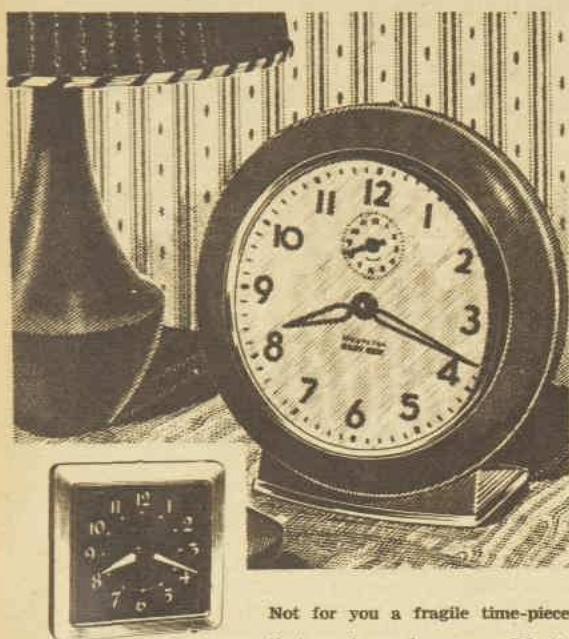
There was no menu, but Mrs. Murphy came in bearing three plates of soup, which she slopped down before us. What was in the soup apart from Mrs. Murphy's thumb remains a mystery. The soup was followed by meat and vegetable, which was very evidently reheated from some previous meal, and this in turn was climaxed

To page 53

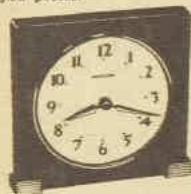
Everyone in Wog Wog turned out to see the Murphys depart and to welcome the new owners.

Handsome Clocks

sturdy and reliable



SPUR. With its insistent alarm, Spur will rouse the deepest sleeper. Ivory finish with gold-coloured trim—or black with chromium. Non-luminous too, if you prefer.



FORTUNE. Smartly styled, robustly made. Fortune's gold-coloured trim contrasts smartly with the jet-black metal case. This alarm comes in other colours too... and Fortune's low price is your good luck!

Not for you a fragile time-piece that needs a glass case. What's wanted nowadays is a good-looking clock that's sturdy and reliable. A clock with an honest, easy-to-read face with good craftsmanship behind it. That's why these clocks are so well thought of—and why more than 300 million Westclox have been sold in the world.

BABY BEN. You won't be disturbed by its quiet tick... and if you don't need a loud alarm you can adjust it to a soft reminder. The dustproof case is finished in pink, black or ivory. Non-luminous Baby Bens are made in the same colours plus a delicate blue.

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As Mrs. Baxter does...
I have been troubled with constipation for many years. Now I take Beecham's Pills and they have helped me greatly.
Signed M. A. Baxter (Mrs.)

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THE WORLD FAMOUS LAXATIVE **pills**

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Insist on
VENCATACHELLUM
THE WORLD'S BEST CURRY



LETTER FROM

AS time passes, ELIZABETH MacLEOD, living in her Vermont farmhouse, longs more and more to see her husband, GERALD, who is half Chinese, half American, and who is still in China.

Since their marriage they had lived in Peking, but after the rise of the Communists he had made Elizabeth and their son, RENNIE, return to America, as he felt China was no longer safe for foreigners. He remained, feeling bound by birth and blood and continued his work in the university.

Elizabeth has brought her father-in-law, Baba (as she calls him), to live with her and Rennie. Gradually she persuades Baba to tell of his marriage to the Chinese girl AI-LAN, Gerald's mother, who was eventually shot as a revolutionary.

Elizabeth finds her son growing more and more American, but she tries not to let him forget his father, although she knows he is half ashamed of his Chinese blood. She is not happy when he goes out with a girl, ALLEGRA WOODS, pretty and empty-headed, for she knows Allegra could never have the strength of character to fill the role of Rennie's wife. She decides to visit the parents unknown to Rennie. NOW READ ON:

Reunie—we thought maybe he had Indian blood."

"Didn't Reunie tell Allegra?"

"No, I'm sure he didn't. Allegra tells me everything. I know she'd have told me."

"Then I am glad I told. It is better for you to know before they fall too much in love."

"I should say so."

Her mind was busy in her face. She flushed with thought, she bit her small, full lips, she forgot me. Her plump, small hands were clenched together on her lap. Suddenly she looked up and her eyes met mine.

"You poor thing," she said, "it's dreadful for you, isn't it?"

"What—Rennie?"

"The whole business—marrying somebody way off—a Chinese!"

"My husband is American," I said. "His father registered his birth at the American Embassy in Peking. Rennie was registered there, too."

"Still and all—it's different, somehow."

"I've been completely happy," I said. "So happy that I must make sure Rennie will be happy, too. I couldn't let him marry a girl who merely tolerated his being partly Chinese. She must be proud of it. She must understand that he is the richer for it, as a man and a person—yes, even as an American."

She could not follow me. She tried, bless her, for somehow I could not keep from liking her more and more. She is simple and honest. I hope she will continue as my friend, whatever happens. I would like to know someone like her intimately, so that we could talk as woman to woman. I miss a good friend.

Matt's wife is good, but she and Matt quarrel incessantly over some past grief which neither tells me. They live alone on the mountainside opposite ours, their children gone now, and they quarrel constantly. Matt groans sometimes on a grey morning, "Oh, that woman has been the death of me these forty years!"

And when I take a lettuce to Mrs Matt, she tells me of Matt's wickedness

Peking

Third long dramatic instalment
of our serial, the latest novel by

PEARL BUCK

and how he won't shave but once a week however she tells him, and she declares that he's been torture these forty years. She has no capacity for friendship.

But Mrs. Woods is a happy wife and mother. I can see that. It is not her fault that her heart holds only a cupful.

And it is her fortune that her husband needs no more. For he came in after a while, a short, thin, bald man, his eyes very blue. This is his vacation, he told me. He works in an accountant's office in Passaic, and he has two weeks a year free to do what he likes. I suddenly pitied him. Two weeks!

"Do you enjoy your work, Mr. Woods?" I asked. This was after we had been introduced, and he told me what he did, and how good it was just to loaf.

"I like my job, but I'm glad not to work," he said.

"Though there's plenty of work to be done about the place," his wife said in reproach. But she spoke gently and even lovingly, and he smiled at her. He was not afraid of her, and she would not urge him. It was an amicable marriage between equals, and therefore pleasant to contemplate. They would understand, to the extent of a cupful, what I mean when I talk about happiness.

"I am your neighbor, Mr. Woods, and, frankly, I came to see you and Mrs. Woods about my son and your daughter. They are both so young," I said.

He was instantly embarrassed, as only good American men can be embarrassed when anyone mentions male and female together in the presence of their wives or mothers or middle-aged women. For all their adolescent interest in sex, they are singularly pure and unsophisticated.

"Mrs. MacLeod tells me her husband is Chinese," Mrs. Woods said significantly.

"No, no," I cried. "I said that he is American, an American citizen, although his mother was Chinese. She was a lady of high birth, her family was one of the great families of Peking. She is dead now."

"No kidding," Mr. Woods exclaimed in a low voice. "Well, now! I don't know if I ever heard of anyone mixed like that."

He was bewildered. It was obvious that he was shocked and at the same time was too kind to show it. He did not want to hurt me, and couldn't put it into words. He looked at his wife helplessly.

They were both sweet people and I began to love them, knowing while I did so that they could not understand me now and would never understand me. Gerald had been right to stay in Peking.

But I had Rennie to think of and I got up. "Thank you both," I said as cheerfully as I could. "Please don't worry. Rennie will be going to college soon, and young people forget easily. I don't think it has gone very deep. As for Allegra, she is so pretty that she must have a lot of boy-friends."

They clung to the suggestion. "She is very popular," Mrs. Woods said proudly.

"In fact," Mr. Woods said, "she was voted the most popular girl in high school last summer."

"Some of our friends think she should try for beauty queen in our State," Mrs. Woods said, "but her father doesn't like the idea."

"No, I don't," Mr. Woods said.

"I agree with you, Mr. Woods," I said. "It would be a pity."

Allegra came in at this moment. She had been sleeping, and her cheeks were rose-pink.

She had put on a white, sleeveless frock, short and tight, and only a young, pretty girl could have suffered its severity. She is pretty—I have to grant that. And I can see how my tall, dark son might fall in love with her. Ah, but I hope not deeply!

"Speak to the company, sweetie pie," Mrs. Woods said. It was pitiful and touching to see how the parents adored this child, their only one.

"Hello, Mrs. MacLeod," Allegra said with a quick smile.

"I'm afraid Rennie kept you up too late last night," I said. "I scolded him for it."

"Oh, I can always sleep," Allegra said. She sat on the couch beside her father and he put his arm around her shoulders and squeezed her against him.

"How's my honey?"

"Just fine!" Allegra said, and leaned her fair head against his shoulder.

"You shouldn't sit up so late. It's like Mrs. MacLeod says."

She pouted at him and did not answer, and he squeezed her again. Mrs. Woods watched them tenderly. "They're such chums," she murmured, adoring them both as her possessions.

Nevertheless, they were anxious for me to be gone. They would not talk to the child before me. I got up and bade them goodbye, making no haste, as if nothing important had happened, as though we had not rearranged two lives.

We lingered on the porch, the three of them following me. We admired the sweet williams along the path. There is no view from their house — just the path and the flowers and the white gate in the fence. And so I went home. And when Rennie came in to supper I said nothing at all of what I had done.

He ate in a hurry and in his work clothes, and then rushed to his room to bathe and change. In a few minutes he raced through the kitchen in clean blue jeans and a fresh shirt.

"Goodnight, Mom," he called as he went.

"Goodnight, Son," I said.
He went to his rendezvous, and when I had washed the dishes and had settled Baba for the night I went to my room and locked the door. Tonight I would not sit up. Tonight I could sleep. Whatever I had to meet, I would face it in the morning.

"She has gone," Rennie said.

I woke early and got up immediately, knowing what awaited me. When I came downstairs he sat there at the kitchen table. He had made a pot of coffee and was drinking it, black and strong.

"You haven't been to bed," I said.

He blazed at me. "How could I sleep?"
I sat down and poured myself a cup of coffee. "Go on. Say whatever you want to say. Let's have it out."

My son was terrible to see. His face was pale and his eyes were burning black. His lips were parched and bitten.

"You went to her parents. You told them."

"Nothing but the truth," I said quietly.

"You wouldn't wait until they knew me?"

Oh, what bitterness in his voice. How hard, how hard to bear it!

"It is better for them to know the truth first," I said. "If she loves you enough to defy her parents I will say nothing—I swear I will not."



Bruce paused at the door and looked at me again, "Don't forget, Elizabeth," he said, "my offer still holds good."

"At least you might have warned me," he cried.

I would not yield to him. "I had to see how they felt, and see it with my own eyes. What they feel cannot be overcome unless your love and hers are equal. I know — I know!"

"She does love me," he muttered. "She told me so."

"She loves you all she can, but it is not enough. It will never be enough, because she is small — small, I tell you! I do not blame her. She cannot help what she is born. But you are born big — as big as the world."

"Damn you!" he whispered.
I looked at him. "Now I am glad your father is not here."

We stared at each other.
"Some day you will thank me," I said, and wished I had not. It is the common speech of parents. My mother said it to me when she tried to keep me from marrying Gerald. But we had already loved each other, and nothing could keep us apart. I knew, and I defied my mother. "I shall

never thank you if you keep us apart," he told her.

And I was right, not she. Even though the letter is locked in my desk and though I never see my Gerald's face again I was right and she was wrong.

I kept looking at my son's face and his gaze broke — he so young, so proud in such grief.

"Why did you ever give me birth?" he muttered, and then he sobbed once and leaped from the room.

The house is too still. I knew it when I opened my eyes this morning that Rennie was gone. It was a grey morning, a soft rain drifting into my open window. The curtains hung limp. I listened. It was well past dawn and time for milking. By now I should hear Rennie stirring somewhere.

I got up and closed the window and stood looking down the valley half hidden by rain, summoning my courage to go to his room. I tried to think of Gerald, but my heart did

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Page 21

For Value, Savings and Glamorous Looks



WINS WITH FLYING COLOURS

and the down-to-earth dependability of 5 YEARS GUARANTEE
on the vital electric motor in models protected by the "Self-saver" System

(Pat. App. 16361/56)

New season's 'Pope' washers give the glamour of 5 sparkling Colour-tones.

Sunkissed Primrose
Dawn Pink
Sky Blue
Spring Green
Snow White

New

"FAMILY DE-LUXE" MODEL

The newest model in the 'Pope' range . . . the finest value you can buy. Washes and wrings to perfection, features the "Self-saver" System, carries the 'Pope' 5-year guarantee against electrical failure in the motor, and has all the glamour of the 5 'Pope' Colour-tones.

* 74 Gns.



"FILL'N'EMPTY" PUMP MODEL

This brilliant model washes and wrings to perfection . . . fills and empties itself automatically at the turn of a switch. No backaches with this 'Pope' in your laundry. No dippers or buckets required. Styled in 'Pope' Colour-tones, its motor protected by the new 5-year guarantee.

* 88 Gns.



"TWIN-O-MATIC" HEATER MODEL

Does all the others do PLUS . . . this is the only washer with thermostatically controlled twin heating elements that heat and keep water hot automatically all through the wash. Boil-overs can't happen. In glamorous Colour-tones and with motor protected by the new 5-year guarantee.

* 98 Gns.



* CAPITAL CITY PRICES

EVER 'POPE' IS GENEROUSLY
GUARANTEED FOR 12 MONTHS WITH

5 YEARS GUARANTEE

ON THE VITAL ELECTRIC MOTOR
against Electrical failure in models protected by

the "Self-saver" System. (Pat. App. 16361/56)



Sunkissed Primrose

"TWIN-O-MATIC"
HEATER MODEL

Created by Langdon Badger, A.S.T.C. (Hons.), Australia's highest qualified colour consultant, these glamorous 'Pope' Colour-tones will harmonise or contrast with any colour scheme in your laundry, and give you a new brighter outlook on wash-day.

Glamorous 'Pope' Colour-tones brighten your laundry . . . bring a stimulating new carnival atmosphere to wash-day. And just as these rich, glowing Colour-tones will make the laundry the brightest spot in your home, so that wonderful 'Pope' will make your wash the brightest thing in the laundry, with glowing, gleaming coloureds, and sparkling, spick-and-span whites like you never saw before. Best of all the heart of your machine, the electric motor, is guaranteed for 5 long years against electrical failure, and protected for life by the exclusive "Self-saver" System that keeps it safe and sound . . . every other part of the washer is generously guaranteed for 12 months. Yes, 'Pope' is the perfect beauty that works harder, lasts longer, saves you more . . . looks more glamorous than any other washer you can buy.

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"FAMILY" MODEL

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Lowest Priced

FULL-SIZE, 12-GALLON CAPACITY
POWER WRINGER WASHER

Generously Guaranteed for 12 months



Snow
White
Only

69
GUINEAS

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REFRIGERATORS, POPE-MOTOROLA T.V. SETS, AND RADIO RECEIVERS

Anniversary Moonlight

A short short story

By REBECCA SHALLIT

On Lois Tate's seventh wedding anniversary the twins were in the play-pen, Pamela was in kindergarten, the set of power tools Lois had bought Ben was in its wooden crate with a red ribbon around it, there was a gift-wrapped box in Ben's closet, which Lois hoped was an electric mixer—and all was well with her world. Until her mother telephoned.

"I'm offering two doting grandparents as baby-sitters tonight," Lois' mother said. "You and Ben are due for a gala dinner and a festive evening downtown. Our treat. Unless you have other plans?"

"We do," Lois said firmly. "A simple dinner. Right here, followed by a quiet evening, shoes off, watching television."

"Nonsense! Where's your sense of romance? Anyway, who wants to wash dishes on an anniversary night? So we'll consider it settled, dear," Lois' mother said. And hung up.

"Parents!" Lois said, forgetting that she was one herself. Now she'd have to break the news to Ben that willynilly they were being given a night on the town.

She stopped short. Once upon a time, Lois recalled, there had been a young man and a young girl and another night in the town. They had gone to the Blue Grotto to celebrate falling in love and to drink a toast to their future together. Their table had faced the lake, and as the moon rose over the water they had looked into each other's eyes and talked in low-voiced raptures of their hopes and dreams and aspirations while the hours passed like a heartbeat . . .

"Mmh," Lois said. She and Ben had a fine, solid, down-to-earth marriage. She was positive about that. But what had happened to all that—moonlight? She picked up the telephone and called Ben. It was high time, indeed, for the Tates to keep a nostalgic date with their past!

"The Blue Grotto?" Ben said. "You expect me to drive all the way out there tonight merely because your mother insists we celebrate with hoopla and festivity?"

It was not an auspicious start towards renewing an old romance.

But the Blue Grotto was still the Blue Grotto. The pale imitation stalactites still hung in icy glitter from the ceiling—and the service was just as slow as ever. Although, once upon a time, that hadn't mattered at all. Lois cupped her chin in her hands and looked at Ben, trying to recapture that long-ago night. But it remained as unreal as a pressed flower in a memory book. This is just us, she thought. Ben and Lois Tate, parents of three children, owners of a small house with a gradually decreasing mortgage. I wonder whatever became of that boy and girl who once looked into each other's eyes here at the Blue Grotto.

She sighed. She hoped her mother would remember that Pamela could never go to sleep without her Raggedy Ann.

The drinks came finally—just as the moon rose high above the water. Ben raised his glass to hers.

"To our future. Together," he said, his voice unexpectedly husky as he repeated their toast of that long-ago night.

Lois' breath caught in her throat. They drank, looking into each other's eyes while the moonlight cast its shining benediction upon them and time stood still . . .

It also dragged. They dined. They even danced. But, after all, a married couple can spend only so much time gazing into each other's eyes without feeling silly.

"Did your mother set any deadline on how long we were expected to celebrate?" Ben asked, stifling a yawn.

Lois sighed. "In the Romance Event the Tates certainly take the booby prize. But do we dare go home this early?"

"It's our home, isn't it?" Ben said.

The lights were dimmed in the living-room. Lois' parents were sitting bolt upright on the sofa, fast asleep. They were holding hands as though they had been having an unabashed sentimental time remembering anniversary nights of their own. They awoke, blinking.

"Huh!" Lois' mother said. "Did you have a good time?"

"Wonderful!" Lois tried to register stars in her eyes. "But after we celebrated we—well, we just wanted to come home!"

"Of course, dear," Lois' mother said. "Naturally, after that, you wanted to come home."

They have something—wonderful, together, Lois thought, waving them goodbye from the front porch. I used to be certain that Ben and I had it, too. But now I don't know—

When she came back into the house Ben was whistling and unwrapping the drill press. "Just because a man looks



"I had a great big scary dream!" Pamela said, as she picked up her doll and ran towards Lois and Ben.

at a drill press once in a while, does that mean you have to buy it for him?" he said. He was trying to sound angry, but not succeeding. "Your present is on the hall table."

It was an electric mixer. Lois left it on the hall table. She saw that Pamela's Raggedy Ann doll was on the floor. She didn't pick it up. She walked into the dark quiet of their bedroom and pressed her forehead against the window pane, and heard Ben's footsteps behind her. She didn't turn around. Not even when he circled her waist with his hands.

"Listen, you did want an electric mixer, didn't you?" he said.

"Uh huh." Lois blinked back tears. "But maybe what I should have wanted was something to—to keep the moonlight in our marriage! Like—well, like a black chiffon nightie—"

Ben hooted and kissed the nape of her neck. "Leave black chiffon to the jaded," he advised. "Personally, I like you better plain."

"Honestly!" Lois said and blushed in the darkness.

"Incidentally, I picked up something else for you today. Nothing much, really," Ben said. He handed Lois a small square box, wrapped in plain paper. Inside was a brooch made of some strange wood, carved and dark and delicate.

"It comes from Sumatra," Ben said. And there was wistfulness in his voice. "There's a shop near the office, run by

a guy who's sort of a beachcomber. Every so often he locks up and wanders around the world, picking up things."

She had almost forgotten that time, just before they became engaged, when Ben had talked of taking a job on a tramp steamer for a year or two of adventure. She looked at the tiny carving in the palm of her hand. A present to his love from a man who had chosen a small house with a gradually decreasing mortgage instead of wandering free . . .

"Oh, Ben!" she whispered. Then she was in his arms, and he was holding her as tightly as when they had first fallen in love and could not bear to let go for a moment.

After a while she said, "Some day, darling! We'll go to all those places. Together. When the children are grown."

"Sure," Ben said comfortably. "That drill press is a honey. Want some new kitchen cabinets?"

"Mmh," Lois said. Smiling, she leaned against his shoulder. You fall in love along a path of moonlight, she thought. You build a marriage and nail it down with kids and quarrels and kitchen cabinets. But the moonlight is still there.

There was a sleepy wail from the twins' room. And just then Pamela showed up, clutching her nightgown. "I had a great big scary dream!" Pamela said, her eyes enormous. Then she saw her Raggedy Ann doll on the floor. "Oh, there you are!" she said and held it tight.

Ben and Lois grunted crookedly at each other. The wail from the twins' room deepened. "Happy anniversary!" Lois said. "And here we go again!"

"What else?" Ben said. He hoisted Pamela on his shoulder and crooked his arm to Lois. "Hup!" Ben said. "Hup! Hup!"

Arm in arm, the Tates marched down the hall together.

(Copyright)

THE GIRL IN THE WHITE DRESS

Allan thought she was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen — an amusing, romantic short story

By N. J. CRISP

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA ROBERTSON

Pilot-Officer Allan Hartington feverishly fiddled with his electric razor. It hummed reassuringly enough but, when applied to his face, refused to make any impression on his overnight beard.

It was coming up to half-past eight, and he swore at the wicked luck that had caused him to oversleep on this of all mornings. He rang again for the batman without any real hope of getting any answer so late.

When reduced to its component parts, the razor revealed that its cutter was broken. Allan stroked his bristles ruefully. He wondered if the Group-Captain would notice them, and decided that he would.

As a new arrival, he had been put in the transit mess hut for the night, and none of the adjoining rooms was occupied. With mounting depression he pulled out all the drawers and examined the wash-basins. He found some pieces of soap, a photograph of somebody's girl, some old newspapers, a button, and a frayed collar. In desperation he extended his search to the bathroom, and it was there, peering under a bath, that he found treasure—a forgotten razor, which boasted a rusty, evil-looking blade.

Allan carried it back to his room, soaped his face, and, wincing, scraped the horrid object across his cheeks. The result wasn't very satisfactory, but there was no time for refinements. He pulled on his cap, remembered his gloves, and dashed outside.

He was still in time, he reflected as he climbed into his old car and pressed the starter button. Nothing happened. He tried again, and then pressed the horn. Not a sound. That dud cell in the battery had finally let him down.

Two minutes of frantic cranking with the starting handle showed him that there wasn't even enough juice to provide a spark—and station headquarters were nearly a mile from the officers' mess.

He started to walk, hoping that someone would come along and give him a lift, but no vehicle appeared. In the end he abandoned his dignity and began to run.

Allan slowed to a panting walk as he went past the guardroom and returned the corporal's salute. But a glimpse of the big clock, which showed nine o'clock, galvanized him into a sprint and, ignoring the corporal's astonished gaze, he dashed across the lawns, leaped across a flower-bed, and slithered through the door of the station headquarters. The station adjutant's door was open. Allan went in, saluted, and said: "Pilot-Officer Hartington."

The adjutant looked at him oddly. He said: "The Group-Captain is waiting. Come on."

Allan wiped the sweat off his face, fol-

lowed the adjutant into the C.O.'s office, and saluted again. The adjutant said: "Pilot-Officer Hartington, sir," and withdrew. During the long silence that followed, Allan had ample time to study the craggy face and the flinty glare which gave no indication of welcome.

The Group-Captain said: "You are a Hunter pilot?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many hours?"

"Seven hundred, sir."

"It's extraordinary what the Air Force can do these days. I would never have believed," Group-Captain Taplow said icily, "that a man who was unable to read could become a pilot."

"Read, sir?" Allan said.

"Go over to the window and see if you can decipher the characters on the notice outside."

Allan stepped to the window and looked down. He said unwillingly: "Keep off the grass."

"Such requests do not, you feel, apply to you?"

"I'm sorry, sir. I was late. I didn't see it."

"You have some excellent reasons, no doubt?"

"No, sir."

"At least we are spared the usual excuses. Now, Hartington, did you manage to find time to shave this morning?"

Allan began to perspire again. He wondered if the Air Force was his proper vocation after all.

"In a way, sir," he said.

"I do like my officers to shave in the morning," the Group-Captain said plaintively. "Your face looks like a ploughed field." He added sharply: "Shave yourself decently before tonight. There's a ball in the officers' mess."

"Yes, sir."

"I usually welcome young officers," Taplow said, by way of summing up, "but in your case . . ." He substituted a glare for words. "You arrive here late, dishevelled, and unshaven. You trample across my gardens, which are known to be the best tended in the group. I am not favorably impressed, Hartington. I propose to see you again at a later date, by which time I hope you will have shown me that my first impressions are mistaken."

"Yes, sir."

Allan saluted and returned shakily to the adjutant's office. The adjutant said dryly: "The boss relies a good deal on first impressions."

"Oh, Lord . . ."

By the evening, Allan was beginning to feel a little better. His squadron-commander, Squadron-Leader Fennie, proved to be a likeable man who found his account of his

first morning amusing rather than disastrous. He had laughed and said: "The old boy's decent enough. Pull your weight and he won't hold it against you."

"I'll try."

"You'll have to watch your step, though. Try to keep out of his way for a while."

"I'll tread like a fairy."

Bending down to look in the mirror, Allan knotted his bow tie. He would put in an appearance at the ball, keep out of the Group-Captain's way, and go to bed early.

He was getting used now to the transformation which an officers' mess underwent when there was a ball, but it still fascinated him. The solid-leather armchairs had disappeared. Colored lights cast a soft glow, bars had mushroomed, and streamers waved gently. Fountains played in the most unlikely places.

Round all this milled a chattering, laughing throng of officers and their ladies. Allan thought it a pleasing sight. He was about to move to the nearest bar when he stopped, thunderstruck. His eyes had fallen on the most beautiful girl he had ever seen in his life.

She was standing quite still, her hands folded in front of her, a gold evening bag held loosely in one hand. Her strapless, pure-white evening dress flared out from the waist. Her perfect face was framed by a mass of corn-colored hair.

He nudged himself into action. It was his duty as a member of the mess to see that the guests were looked after. He approached her and said nervously: "Can I fetch you anything?"

"Actually, I think my father is . . ." she began. Then she smiled at Allan in a way that set his heart thudding. "But he has been rather a long time. Do you think I could have a tomato juice?"

She could have the whole earth if she wished it.

"Just wait here," Allan said happily. "Don't move."

He burrowed his way into the throng surrounding the bar, grabbed the nearest barman, and procured a tomato juice. But getting out of the heaving crowd wasn't so easy. He had nearly reached safety when someone bumped violently into his back. He stumbled forward and managed to keep most of the tomato juice in the glass.

But some shot out and trickled stickily down the front of an immaculate, beribboned mess jacket.

"I'm most frightfully sorry," Allan said to the owner of the jacket. Then he saw that the face above it belonged to Group-Captain Taplow, and the apology dried in his throat under the infuriated basilisk glare.

"Hartington, how would you like to be posted to a training unit?" the Group-

Captain asked softly, as he mopped at his jacket with a handkerchief.

"Not at all, sir," Allan mumbled.

"Then watch your step, young man. I have only known you a short time, and already I find myself growing tired of you."

"Yes, sir."

The vision was still where he had left her. Almost unable to believe his luck, Allan pressed the remains of the tomato juice into her hand. His senses were reassembling themselves after the fracas with the Group-Captain, and it occurred to him that she had mentioned her father. Since everyone else appeared to be either blind or preoccupied with their own girls, he might be able to monopolise her for the whole evening.

Suddenly Allan heard an all-too-familiar voice again.

"Sorry I've been so long with this tomato juice, Christine," said Group-Captain Taplow, "but some blithering lunatic . . ." He regarded Allan with cold dislike. "Do I understand that you have been introduced to Pilot-Officer Hartington?"

"Yes, Daddy," said Christine. "I thought you were busy, and Mr. Hartington was kind enough to get me a drink."

"H'm," grunted Taplow. "Would you mind trying to find your mother, my dear? I can't see her, and I want her to meet the Air-Commodore."

With Christine gone, Allan and the Group-Captain eyed each other. Allan could see no profit in initiating a conversation.

"I am beginning to wonder," said the Group-Captain, "if you represent some sort of cross which it is my fate to shoulder."

Allan had no doubt that there must be a snappy answer to that one somewhere, if he could have thought of it.

"However," said the Group-Captain, "I am not a man who accepts his fate calmly. I can think of all sorts of ways, varying in unpleasantness, in which I could relieve myself of the burden. For a beginning, it will please me if you and my family do not meet socially. I hope for your sake that you take my meaning accurately."

Allan watched the bristling figure turn and disappear into the crowd. A hand appeared in front of him, holding a glass.



"You look as if you could use a whisky," said Squadron-Leader Fennie.

"Thanks," said Allan.

"The old man watches Christine like an anxious hen."

"What a wonderful girl!" Allan said.

"Now just a minute. You'll be asking for trouble if—"

"Trouble?" Allan said vaguely.

Fennie sighed. "Let's find a quiet corner. I want to talk to you."

Quiet corners were not very common that night, but luckily there was a general move towards the food. Fennie and Allan found a seat on a radiator. Fennie said: "I don't like trouble in my squadron, and there'd be a hell of a lot if you hung around Christine."

"I'm not going to hang around her," Allan said: "I just want to know her better."

"If you intend ignoring straight talking from the Group-Captain—" Fennie broke off and sighed again at the look on Pilot-Officer Hartington's face. "But I suppose nothing I say will have any effect."

Allan grinned. "I'm sorry. If it was anything else, sir . . ."

"It's just that I dislike losing men who might make reasonable pilots."

"I hope it doesn't come to that."

"You have more optimism than sense. Ah, well. You wouldn't be in the Air Force otherwise, I suppose." Fennie slapped his pockets, produced a cigarette and lit it. "We'll change the subject. Ever done any acting?"

"No," Allan said, surprised.

"We've a very active dramatic society on the station. I've been doing it for years."

Allan nodded politely.

"The thing is," Fennie went on, "that there's a part open in the play we're doing at the moment. The chap who was doing it has been taken ill, and it's put us in rather a hole because the damn thing goes on in

To page 45

She gave him a brilliant smile as Allan handed her the glass.

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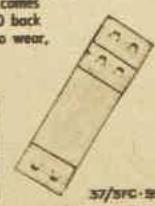
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FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

● Spring is the season of love, according to the poets, but according to my mailbag it is a season of ill-starred romances and tangled relationships that make for unhappiness.

FIRST out of the mailbag is a letter from a young girl who talks too much. She says:

"I am a normal-minded teenager, interested in the usual teenage subjects. I am very strongly attracted to a boy, who, until a girlfriend told him of my feelings, used to like me a little. Now when he sees me he becomes very embarrassed. I still like him and as my love is not given or taken away on the spur of the moment I am beginning to feel my life has been frustrated. The situation to me has now become desperate because he has left the club to which we both belong. I don't know whether to ask him to come along once more or get another person to do it for me. What is correct?"

"Frustrated," N.S.W.

There is no correct procedure. You've just had a hard lesson in life which people who give advice (me, for instance, aunts and such) will tell you is both character-building and enriching.

That is true, if unhappiness helps you to be nicer. In a case like this, I think it helps you to be nastier in a nice way. It should teach you to have reservations from people without their knowing.

This is what I mean: Next time you are attracted to a boy, don't tell that girl-friend of yours. Keep it to yourself. Then she won't take action calculated to kill any early romance, as she did before.

Boys, like girls, are shy. They shrink from showing their feelings, shrink even further from the knowledge that people know how they feel and are watching them.

You are the unhappy cause of the embarrassment of this boy you liked, so, of course, he is embarrassed when he sees you. His action in leaving the club is a declaration that he no longer wants to see you.

Leave it at that. Don't cause him further embarrassment.

"I AM in love with a boy in the same suburb who has made it quite clear he doesn't want to see me again. Whenever he sees me he speaks to me, or waves. I

visit his mother every week. When I go out with other boys I always find myself comparing them with him. I have tried to forget him. When he meets my brother he always asks how I am and what boy I go out with. I think he is sorry about the decision he made. I am having a party soon and I want to invite him. I would like to invite some other people I have met only once, and some I have never been introduced to.

C.M.A.S., Vic.

I see nothing wrong in inviting him to your party, but you must word the invitation in such a way that he can refuse it as easily and gracefully as he can accept it.

Invitations to people you have met once would be quite correct, but how can you invite people whom you have never met to your party? The only way to achieve this, I imagine, is by finding a friend mutual to you and the people you wish to ask and inviting the mutual friends to bring them.

I'd think over the part guest-list again. Parties are most successful when the guests like one another and mix well.

DISC DIGEST

SEVERAL months ago I ordered "on spec" from London an LP called "Tonal Expressions" by Don Shirley, a young colored pianist. Luckily, I was not disappointed.

They have issued it here now, with the catalogue number HAA-2004. Don is a composer of serious music and he has been heard at the piano with many of America's top symphony orchestras. For "Tonal Expressions" he takes a group of good pop tunes and then plays variations on them. Although he gives them a sort of rhapsodic treatment, the basic melody is always distinguishable behind his magical, ornate embellishments. He doesn't swing, but I think most

people will be fascinated by his sensitive, subtle style, and particularly anyone who has studied piano.

ON this 12-inch disc Don plays "I Cover The Waterfront," "No Two People," "Secret Love," "The Man I Love," "Love Is Here To Stay," "Dancing On The Ceiling," "They Can't Take That Away From Me," and "My Funny Valentine." As you can see, they're all superior tunes, except one, called "Answer Me," which is a bit drear.

The highlight of the record is a brilliantly played medley of some of the best numbers from the revue "New Faces of 1952," "Love Is A Simple

Thing," "I'm In Love With Miss Logan," "Monotonous," "Bal Petit Bal," and "Boston Begone." This 30-year-old Jamaican's severest critics say that he falls between the classical and jazz music schools. I disagree.

HERE'S a distinct novelty — two of Conan Doyle's most famous stories dramatised on a long-play (LKA-4164), "Doctor Watson Meets Sherlock Holmes" and "The Final Problem." The principal artists are Sir John Gielgud (Holmes), Sir Ralph Richardson (Watson), and Orson Welles (Professor Moriarty). The production and acting are faultless.

—BERNARD FLETCHER



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BEECH ORCHID (*Dendrobium falcorostrum*) grows in Antarctic beech forests on highlands extending from Barrington Tops, N.S.W., north to the Queensland border.



SUN ORCHID (*Thelymitra lxioides*) is a pretty little ground orchid widely distributed throughout Australia. It also grows in New Zealand.

These are Australian: NATIVE ORCHIDS

• Australia has an attractive and varied collection of native orchids. Some orchids grow on trees and rocks, others on the ground. They are often popularly called "parasitic" plants, but they are not parasitic in the true sense. Those that grow on the bark of trees do not extract nourishment from the tree or damage it.

Pictures by G. A. Patterson, Coll's Harbor, N.S.W., Keith Warland, Carlton, N.S.W., & Norman Chaffer, Sydney.



NODDING GREENHOOD or Parrot's Beak (*Pterostylis nutans*), ground orchid—all States.



DENDROBIUM BICIBBUM, found in the Cape York Peninsula, commonly known as the Cooktown orchid.



ROCK-LILY (*Dendrobium speciosum*, variety *gracilimum*)—north coast of N.S.W. and Queensland.



DENDROBIUM GRACILICAULE, slender, fragrant species, belongs to both N.S.W. and to Queensland.



TONGUE or Button Orchid (*Dendrobium linguiforme*) is also found in Queensland and in N.S.W.

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Perspiration odour is caused by germs! Perspiration has no odour—at first—but the germs which live on everybody's skin quickly cause it to decompose, become offensive. Tact, with GII, washes away up to 95% of these odour-causing germs and stands guard against new germs on your skin.

You can wash over and over with

NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT YOU LACKED TACT

DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

- Some of the smartest new cottons for summer are pastel stripes on white, and I have chosen the one pictured below for a young married woman.

"I HAVE 4½yds. of pastel blue-and-white-striped cotton I bought last summer and wondered if striped material is still worn. If it is, I would be grateful for a pretty but simple style, suitable for wearing in a very hot climate. Skirts with fullness suit me. I take an SSW fitting."

Stripes, especially pastel stripes, are again very much in vogue for summer. The dress I have chosen for you (below) is designed for ease and prettiness; it will be quite perfect in really hot weather. A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the picture are further details and how to order.

"MY problem is a style for a sun-suit I can change into after swimming. I would also like a suggestion for a color. I am very slim and about average height and am aged 17 years."

Pumpkin-yellow is a very new color for the beach and I suggest you choose this shade in a heavy-textured cotton. For the design I suggest a short-sleeved shirt bloused in by a drawstring at the waistline. Wear the blouse with very brief uncuffed shorts.

"I HAVE made an informal party frock in printed cotton with a strapless bodice which now appears too bare. Could you give me an idea how to rectify this bare look? I don't want the frock to have sleeves."

A V-shaped strap arrangement is one of summer's prettiest neck-lines and I suggest you follow this idea for your dress. Have the straps one inch in width fastened to the centre front of the bodice and finished with a neat bow and streamer ends. The straps could be made in the dress material or in grosgrain ribbon.

"I HAVE some cotton and rayon mixture in a soft parma-violet color and would like a style for this material. I want a two-piece, but not a tailored suit. My size is SSW."

I suggest a two-piece jumper suit. Have the top buttoned at the back, hipline-length, and finished with a collar cut well away from the throatline. Have the skirt slender with a fan of pleats placed low at the centre back.



DS267.—One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. of 36in. material. Price 4/- Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Beauty in brief

LOOK WELL, LOOK LOVELY

By CAROLYN EARLE

- Everyone should make an effort to get back to basic beauty routines once in a while for personal health as well as beauty.

HERE is a suggested routine that can put color in the cheeks and a lift in the walk in practically no time at all.

- Start the day with a glass of hot water to which you have added a dash of fresh lemon juice. Follow with the juice of an orange.

- During the day, drink plenty of water, hot or cold but let the bedtime glass be piping hot.

- Drink at least one glass of milk a day to help your hair and fingernails.

- Beg an iron tonic from your doctor, or do the job on your own by eating plenty of green vegetables, prunes, grapes, raisins, and parsley.

- Get plenty of sleep, aiming at nine hours each night and, if you can manage it, a daytime nap as well, or at least a short rest before dinner, if it is at all possible.

DIOR by Dior

From Page 13

"GIRLS ARE AS GREEDY AS KITTENS"

How can I best introduce you to the cabine? Let us say that it is five o'clock and the collection has just been shown. For an hour or more the mannequins have to be ready to show particular dresses to clients, so here they are waiting.

ODILE, slight, fragile, and made still more distant and unapproachable-looking by her extreme short sight, is sitting at her dressing-table; she is thinking up complicated menus for her husband, who adores food.

Lia, imperturbably Rumanian even in Paris, is telling a long story about how she has found herself a flat, and has bought a joint. Victoire chooses this precise moment to enter with a pudding, which is submitted to the critical judgment of the other girls. Suggestions are many.

"If I were you, I would add a little vanilla."

"And lots of cream."

It's tea-time, and all the girls are as greedy as kittens. One more legend goes by the board! The cabine of a fashion house is the negation of all the diet schemes which were ever invented. I hate to confess it, since it tells against me; but the truth is that several hours a day of walking up and down with the quick, thoroughbred steps of the mannequin is worth all the gymnastic exercises in the world and it is enough to maintain a perfect figure.

If one of the mannequins is getting married or expecting a baby, the cabine is transformed into a workshop. Layette or trousseau, everyone wants to help.

Scarcely a collection passes without one or other of these happy events taking place; and I am obliged to give leave of absence to a future mother, who is abandoning the A line or the H line for the Baby line.

As I am convinced that the good mannequin is born, not made, I always interview every young girl who wants a job.

The greatest mannequin I have ever had is France. She realises perfectly my ideal: first of all by her figure, then by her slimness and blond coloring.

She is so typically French, Parisian French, that I always think that in admiring her beauty people are also admiring my country.

Lucky, equally celebrated, is such a good mannequin that she did not choose her profession because she was pretty, but made herself pretty to fit herself for her profession.

Every entrance is for her a matter of intense concentration; studying and interpreting the slightest nuance of a dress, she does not merely wear it; she positively acts it.

I wish I could describe all the mannequins under my roof.

Together with the premières, they are my most important assistants. Their role may seem a passive one, until you remember that the most beautiful dress in the world can fail utterly and irredeemably if it is worn by a bad mannequin.

The one constant passion all the mannequins share is their solicitude for their own particular dresses. This is amply illustrated when a dress has to be entrusted to a stand-in, owing to some change in the time-table. The "owner" always indignantly complains that it has been ruined, and the corset has been stretched!

Oh, this corset, what heartaches it causes. All the girls tug it in as far as they possibly can, and, in order to avoid ugly incidents, Mme de Turckheim has to make sure that she gets stand-ins at least as thin as, if not thinner than, the regular girls.

I have already described the dresses, the way they are made, the mannequins who show



CHRISTIAN DIOR, the French Ambassador, M. Jean Chanel, and the Duchess of Marlborough at a lunch at the Dorchester, London, to mark the publication of "Dior."

them, and the professional buyers who order them. Now it is time to describe the last-comers in this long procession—the women who will finally wear them.

The first private customers come and see the collection when the last professional buyers have gone. They may even overlap a little. Mme Luling, who looks after all the actual sales of the clothes, listens for the heavy tread of those whom she terms, with a mixture of sarcasm and affection, her "darlings."

With their arrival the salon takes on a quite different air. Always full, over-full (25,000 people see the collection every season), it ceases to be a workshop and becomes a place of entertainment. As frivolous as any other feminine gathering, it is composed of an audience which looks while it does not listen.

Conversation centres on holidays, the latest play, other

collections, and the latest piece of scandal . . . while the eyes are fixed on the collection.

Scarcely has Claire disappeared in her wedding dress before the rows of chairs come to life with a loud buzz of conversation. The vendees hasten to confer with their particular customers.

"Would Madame like to decide straight away?"

No. She would prefer to come back a few days later and choose her clothes in the calmer atmosphere of the fitting-room. She may not be in a hurry—but fifty others are.

A miracle has to take place to satisfy them all—the miracle of the multiplication of the dresses. The successful models have to be reproduced then and there like Japanese flowers in a glass of water.

These are all needed for exactly the same time, and—since there is no patience where vanity is concerned —

any client who is kept waiting considers it a personal affront.

As soon as the first client who has managed to get the disputed dress displayed before her shows signs of finishing with it, an army of vendees hovers round her, ready to snatch it in order to carry it off to their own clients, who are threatening to leave "because, really, nobody seems to be in the least anxious to show me anything!"

Of course, every woman is determined to squeeze into the dress of her choice, regardless of the differences between her figure and that of the mannequin, and the vendees have to perform feats of diplomacy in order to dissuade them.

"Lia wears it in the show . . . she's appallingly thin this season."

Poor Lia, who's never looked better in her life!

Mme Luling, always with a pleasant smile on her lips, is everywhere. She knows all her real clients by name, and has an uncanny and unrivalled eye for detecting fakes.

She can tell you, after one glance round the big salon:

"The woman in the sixth chair from the mantelpiece, in the third row, has brought her own little dressmaker with her again. That's the third time she's done it. Really, it's too much. I shall have to speak to her about it."

The showing of a collection has become a social event at which it is smart to be present.

But I am determined to offer my show freely to those who come simply to feast their eyes; and I have given instructions to my vendees never to harass those visitors (whom we nickname "swallows") who have obviously come with no intention of ordering.

We realise that it is always best to leave a client at liberty to make her own decision when she is obviously contemplating leaving us.

"When they hesitate, I always advise them to buy elsewhere," says Mme Minassian, who reigns with Mme Luling in the salons. "Remorse is better than regret."

With perfect good humor and a tinge of irony, Mme Linzeler, who supervises all the fittings, tells me:

"The best bargain in the world is a successful dress. It brings happiness to the woman who wears it, and it is never too dear for the man who pays for it."

"The most expensive dress in the world is a dress which is a failure. It infuriates the woman who wears it and it is a burden to the man who pays for it. In addition, it practically always involves him in the purchase of a second dress—much dearer—which alone can blot out the memory of the first failure."

There are some delightful cases of feminine logic pushed to excess, which are always rather touching. For example, the charming lady who had a whole collection of black suits shown to her, wiped away a furtive tear, and finally murmured, as she made her choice:

"It's such a pity that mourning is so common at funerals."

Another lady watched the show morosely. Nothing seemed to please her. When it was over she conferred with her vendee in a low voice, and finally, with a testing glance at Mme Luling, announced:

"This year, as my husband is ruined, I shall order only ten dresses."

I shall make no other revelations about my clients, cruel or kind. For two reasons: first of all, I detest gossip. Secondly, like a doctor, the couturier is bound by professional secrecy. As the vendees say to their clients:

"We see you all naked."

So let us drop back the grey curtains of the fitting-room and leave our clients to choose their clothes in peace.

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now available in Australia!

This new Optone container is actually a bottle and dropper combined! You just press and the drops flow out, easily and cleanly. No separate dropper needed. No risk of breakage or contamination. No spilling or flooding. The most convenient applicator ever!



This compact flask fits conveniently into your handbag. Can't break or spill.



Fits into pocket neatly. The special valve seals out dust and contamination.



Optone Eye Drops bring immediate relief to eyes troubled by dust, smoke, wind, glare or strain. It's so easy—just hold the bottle to the eye and gently squeeze out a few drops into each eye in turn. Notice how your eyes at once feel soothed and refreshed.

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Optone Eye Drops are made to a scientific and tested formula by the makers of Optrex Eye Lotion. Completely safe—use as often as desired. No staining or stinging.

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OPTONE IS A COMPANION PRODUCT
TO OPTREX EYE LOTION

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 30, 1957

Page 29

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The Australian Women's Weekly
presents this astrological diary as a
feature of interest only, without
accepting any responsibility whatever
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AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard
For week beginning Oct. 28

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

ARIES
The Ram
MARCH 21 — APRIL 20

TAURUS
The Bull
APRIL 21 — MAY 20

GEMINI
The Twins
MAY 21 — JUNE 21

CANCER
The Crab
JUNE 22 — JULY 22

LEO
The Lion
JULY 23 — AUGUST 22

VIRGO
The Virgin
AUGUST 23 — SEPTEMBER 22

LIBRA
The Balance
SEPTEMBER 23 — OCTOBER 22

SCORPIO
The Scorpion
OCTOBER 23 — NOVEMBER 22

SAGITTARIUS
The Archer
NOVEMBER 23 — DECEMBER 22

CAPRICORN
The Goat
DECEMBER 23 — JANUARY 19

AQUARIUS
The Waterbearer
JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 19

PISCES
The Fish
FEBRUARY 20 — MARCH 20

* Lucky number this week, 1.
Lucky color for love, brown.
Gambling colors, brown, green.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
Luck in a confidential mission.

* Lucky number this week, 5.
Lucky color for love, grey.
Gambling colors, grey, light blue.
Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.
Luck in all partnerships.

* Lucky number this week, 9.
Lucky color for love, red.
Gambling colors, red, black.
Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
Luck with your enterprise.

* Lucky number this week, 6.
Lucky color for love, light blue.
Gambling colors, light blue, gold.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.
Luck in a little speculation.

* Lucky number this week, 4.
Lucky color for love, orange.
Gambling colors, orange, brown.
Lucky days, Monday, Friday.
Luck in a happy ending.

* Lucky number this week, 8.
Lucky color for love, black.
Gambling colors, black, rose.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday.
Luck in travelling.

* Lucky number this week, 5.
Lucky color for love, green.
Gambling colors, green, violet.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.
Luck in a shop window.

* Lucky number this week, 2.
Lucky color for love, white.
Gambling colors, white, red.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.
Luck in self-confidence.

* Lucky number this week, 9.
Lucky color for love, rose.
Gambling colors, rose, grey.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.
Luck in a chance to rest.

* Lucky number this week, 7.
Lucky color for love, any pastel.
Gambling colors, tricolors.
Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday.
Luck in sports and pastimes.

* Lucky number this week, 3.
Lucky color for love, mauve.
Gambling colors, mauve, white.
Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.
Luck from those in authority.

* Lucky number this week, 1.
Lucky color for love, yellow.
Gambling colors, yellow, grey.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
Luck at the end of a journey.

* Your job may be lonely this week. You may long for a congenial workmate to cheer you up, but progress will be more rapid on your own. Then enjoy leisure.

* Those who are working in company will have fun but accomplish less than usual. If faced with emergency work, collect a team and make a special occasion of it.

* You have wonderful suggestions to make in connection with the job. Don't sulk if they experience a cold reception. Your mind works faster than that of most people.

* Turn work into play, give your special talents full scope and you'll enjoy tasks. If you do not like your job switch to something else quickly.

* A few lucky people find time work at home. Others whose job is connected with property, home furnishing, or textiles experience opportunity.

* You'll be running errands for yourself, your employer, or a social group, or a voluntary worker. There is some danger of misunderstanding. Keep calm.

* Finances must be studied carefully whether your own or other people's. Look for errors in accounts, examine your change, and rectify mistakes immediately.

* At your best you can carry everything before you and achieve a remarkable success. At your worst you can have everybody at sixes and sevens. It's up to you.

* Steady routine for most of you. You could be blamed for a mistake made by someone else. Don't harp on your grievances. Look ahead and wait for success. The stars smile on miliners.

* Friends are fine on the job, but don't make unreasonable demands on them. They have their own work to do, and you should be independent. Pay obligations promptly.

* Promotion may be coming soon and congratulations might warm the cockles of your heart. If it is government employ, more amenities or extra pay and responsibility.

* Some may be sent to a new department or a new district and find the change interesting and the job slightly different. Change should be to your advantage.

* Household finances may occupy your thoughts. If you've set your heart on a particular judge you may be forced to plan ways and means to pay for it.

* There'll be a bevy of visitors, so prepare for unexpected guests. You'll enjoy their company, and if they offer to help, let them pitch in. Old friends will be there.

* You may be caught chasing cobwebs in an old frock or scrubbing the kitchen floor. Don't feel flustered—this can happen to the best housekeepers.

* Brighten up your domestic corner with an exotic Continental dinner, or experiment with new party or special-occasion foods. Put a plant on the window-sill.

* Paintbrush in hand, you may surprise yourself as an artist and if the new colors join the family they'll soon like them. Perhaps domestic crafts occupy time.

* A gardener on a tiny scale as a flat-dweller, or on a big scale as a suburbanite, you'll be busy. It's fine to plant enthusiastically, but care for lovely results.

* Do not buy in haste what might easily turn into a domestic orphan. Even bargains can be expensive and unsatisfactory unless you have planned a place for them.

* Gloominess is bad for your sign. Bright, spacious effects are essential to your happiness. Rooms facing a cold aspect should be given a lift with ornaments.

* Those engaged on one special job may resent the intrusion of ordinary tasks. That special undertaking may be close to your heart. The stars smile on milliners.

* One of the bright spots in home life lies in the friends who come and go. A knock at your front door may be the signal for reunion with an old and valued friend.

* If gallivanting all over town, your home may be just a headquarters. You'll still be in need of an address. You gain new ideas in home-making.

* Members of the household may not agree on the best place to spend a vacation. Don't sacrifice your own pleasure altogether, but try to reach a compromise.

* Your beloved may become remote. This may be due either to an attraction which has caused his heart to stray, or to worries over health, business, or home.

* Whether in love for six days or 60 years, partnerships boom. Whether he is a first date or a husband, you will be drawn closer together.

* You may be asked to hold the nails while he hammers or furnish the appliance needed to encourage him while he is struggling with a tough proposition.

* This is an ideal moment for love. Just go along with the tide—you'll be swimming in a romantic haze. This will enhance your looks.

* In return for all the good times he has given you, make your best-belonged known. Should he be longing away from his own folks, such hospitality will be doubly welcome.

* Your beloved may try to detach you from one or two members of your crowd. If he disapproves of them he probably has a reason. Don't go off the deep end.

* Should you work near the one-and-only, keep social and business life separate. Don't hold long conversations over last night's date or your work will suffer.

* Make it a Dutch Treat and everybody will gladly join in. Many fear obligations to return hospitality, and make excuses to stay away because they can't afford it.

* Your qualities as a leader may be tested unexpectedly. You have what it takes, but you are inclined to be dictatorial. Consult your associates first.

* You're in a serious mood, and feel determined to devote your leisure to useful activities. A friend may ask you to help her in an enterprise.

* If you've never played any game start now. Tennis or any sport will bring friendship and physical benefit. If an old player, improve your skill.

* A gala evening, a party to begin or wind up a club's activities are on the agenda. Some may be invited to a wedding. You will be considering what to wear.

* Looking ahead to Christmas? It will be here sooner than you think. Plans for Christmas-tree parties to be held by various groups will be under discussion.

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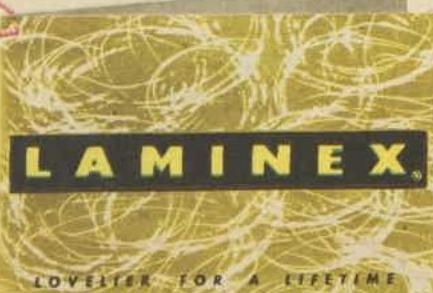
"Laminex has no equal"

says William Le Lievre

"If you want your home to appear a square larger inside", says William Le Lievre. "I recommend a counter bar separating the kitchen and living areas. It saves 15 square feet and more of working space. But whether you make it a breakfast bar or servery bar, insist on Laminex surfacing. Laminex colours are brighter and gayer, and fit in far better with today's furnishings than any other surfacing. On the practical side — Laminex can't be beaten for durability. It keeps its smooth gleam through year after year of service. They're the reasons why I say — surface with Laminex, it has no equal."



William Le Lievre, A.I.D.A.A., is a leading interior design consultant and Past President of the Interior Designers' Association of Australia. He was a design consultant with George's of Melbourne before leaving to partner his wife Keera in their own firm of consultant designers.



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Wherever there is a new development in furniture, there you will find Laminex. Laminex adds beauty and charm to every room . . . brightening your kitchen bench and table, adding gleaming life to your bedroom furniture . . . renewing your diningroom table and sideboard. Genuine Laminex has the "secret in the

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RENOVATE and DECORATE

**Complete
Home Section**



ABOVE: Exterior of Miss N. Bannon's remodeled house at South Yarra, Melbourne, shows what paint and simple alterations can do for an old home. Alterations included removing the balcony roof and replacing small windows.

**With the help of
some paint and a
lot of ingenuity,
the oldest house
in the district can
become a joy to
live in and a local scene-stealer.**

MANY home-seekers who have searched in vain for suitable houses in the newer suburbs of Australia's capital cities are now going to the long-established and long-settled areas close to town, where old homes can be bought and, with thought, care and taste, transformed into attractive, comfortable, and modern dwellings.

In Sydney and in Melbourne, especially East Melbourne and South Yarra, old houses are being eagerly sought by people who want to make their homes there.

Three charming homes shown in this section are all excellent examples of what can be done to renovate an old house. The first, shown on this page and overleaf, is the home of Miss Nance Bannon, well-known Melbourne milliner, and is situated in a quiet old street in South Yarra.

She has named it "The Boltons," after a mansion in London which she admired when on a visit there, and where the American film and TV star Sir Douglas Fairbanks lives with his family.

When Miss Bannon bought the single-fronted,



SECTION OF THE LIVING-ROOM now features a lovely staircase. The decor is elegant but restful, with olive-green carpet, walls of greyish-mauve and white trim. Under the stair Japanese silk paper in olive-green covers the wall.

two-storied house some months ago, it was drab, drear, and dark.

It had a long narrow passage off which small rooms with small windows opened on one side. But it was basically sound and it had had only one owner since it was built more than 60 years ago.

Mr. Kevin Pethebridge, of Associated Architects, was given the job of remodelling. A few structural alterations made a new and improved layout for the house. Fresh paint gave it beauty and new fittings added to its modern comforts.

So what was once an uncomfortable and depressing house is now wonderfully comfortable, light and airy, with a sophisticated, elegant decor that manages to retain much of its original character.

The new front of the house is most effective. The old picket fence has been replaced by a six-foot tea-tree wall to give privacy. Instead of a scrubby front garden there are now sparkling white pebbles with a stepping-stone path made by breaking up the original slabs paving the front path.

The backyard also had a face-lift. All the overgrown creepers and bushes were removed. Only two attractively gnarled old fuchsias were retained, and were carefully pruned and bricked around at the base to make neat garden plots.

Elsewhere, except for the side section, which is now a built-up paved sun terrace, the area was gravelled.

Outbuildings were painted to match the house, a small clothes-line (removable when not in use) was installed, and the back fencing built up with a tea-tree screen for privacy.

The living-room was formerly very small and was separated from the hall and staircase by dividing walls. These walls were removed to make a larger room, with the attractive staircase as an architectural feature at one end.

Double glass doors now replace the tiny paned windows, and in the living-room open on to the front verandah, where the original dark red tiles gleam with polish.

Continued overleaf

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These lovely rooms once dark, drab

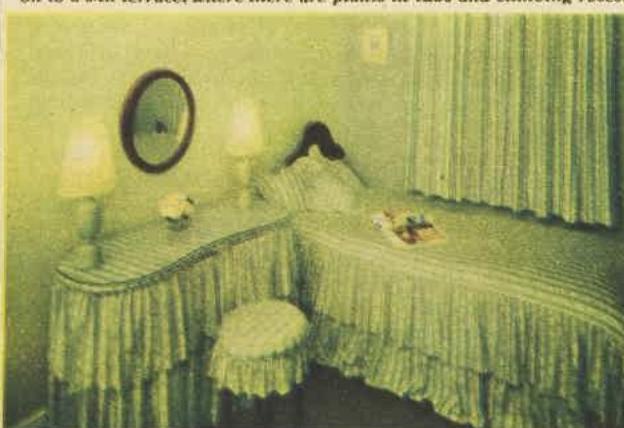


LOVELY cedar furniture in the dining-room is used against a sophisticated background. The chimney-breast is a brilliant feature, with ruby-red Japanese wallpaper over the old mantelpiece.

● These pictures of the interior of Miss Nance Bannon's house in South Yarra, Melbourne, show how rooms that were formerly dark, drab, and dreary, as well as small, were transformed into a delightful contemporary home that is sparkling with color and equipped with all modern devices to add to the comfort of the owner.



ONCE A KITCHEN-CUM-LAUNDRY, this gay sunroom is now the brightest, most-lived-in room in the house. The glass door opens on to a sun terrace, where there are plants in tubs and climbing roses.



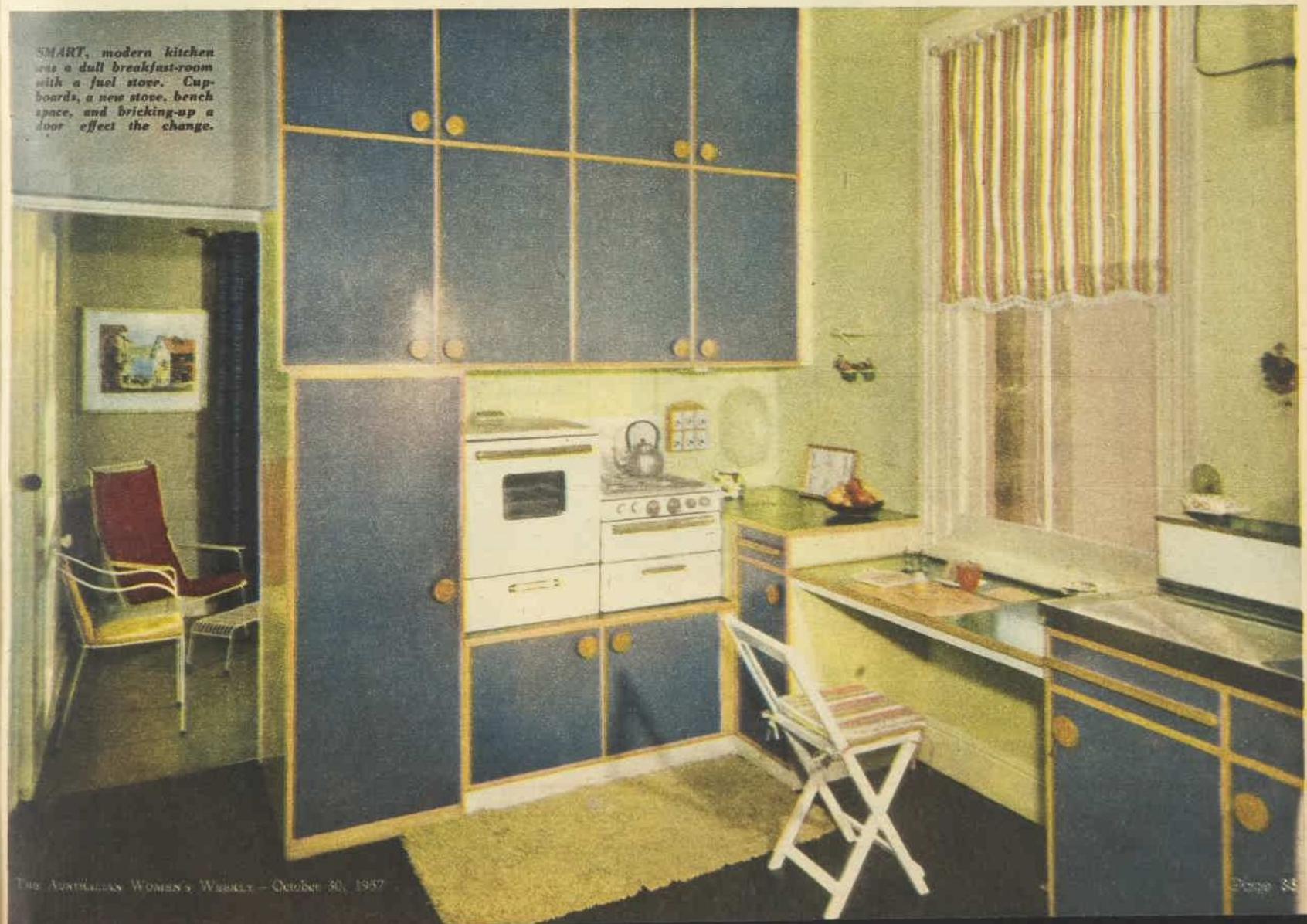
The present kitchen is smart and modern.

CLEVER COLOR SCHEMES help to make this formerly ugly, dreary room a charming bedroom. Dressing-table, spread, and curtains keep a Victorian atmosphere with pretty-patterned chintz.

NEW marble fireplace replaces the ugly Victorian grate and surround. Most of the furnishings are antique, but the chintz-covered sofa is modern.

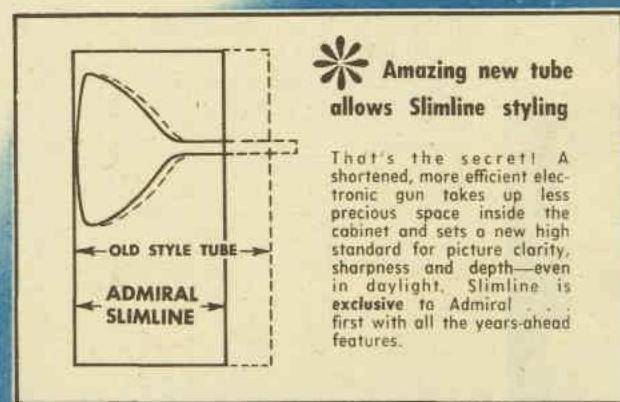


SMART, modern kitchen was a dull breakfast-room with a fuel stove. Cupboards, a new stone bench space, and bricking-up a door effect the change.



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Dramatically different!



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Another "First" to Admiral—and television's most exciting style advance! Admiral has banished the bulky, boxy cabinet shapes of yesterday, and in their place has introduced showpieces of simple elegance . . . attractive *Slimline* cabinets scaled just like other fine furniture. Slim, trim, compact and space-saving, these handsome new *Slimline* cabinets with their tasteful appointments can be mixed, matched or blended with other pieces in any size room, in every type of decor. See the exclusive *Slimline* designs now at your nearest Admiral retailer!

All models feature the mighty "Imperial 800" chassis—power to spare.

A. 21-inch **SLIMLINE BERMUDA**—magnificently styled in maple, walnut or rosewood. From 249 Gns.

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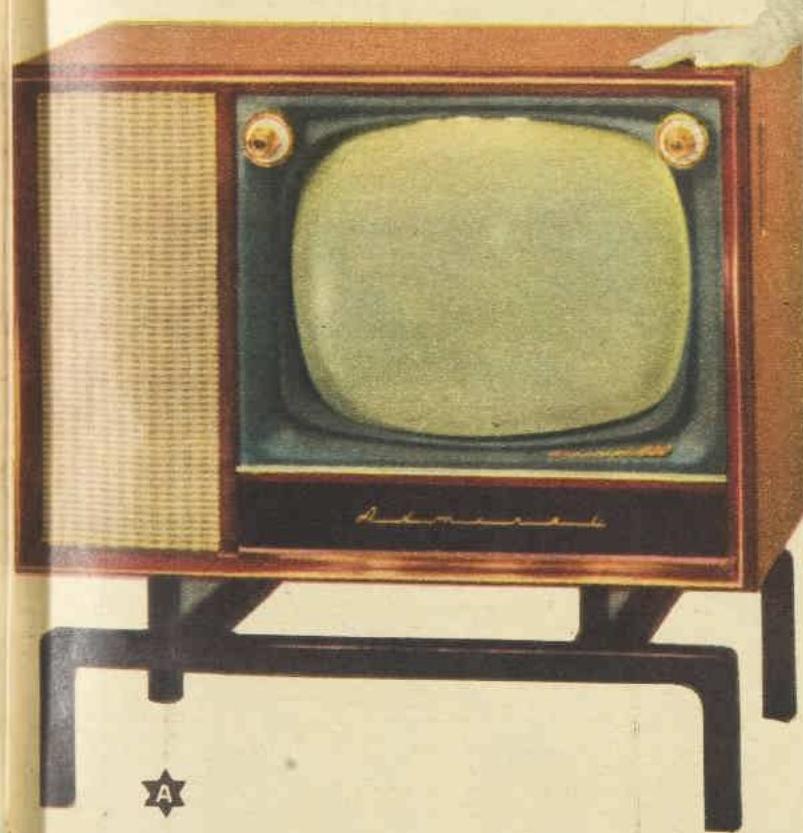
C. 21-inch **SLIMLINE HOLLYWOOD**—more than ever the most outstanding value available. Three tonings—219 Gns.

D. 21-inch **SLIMLINE BOSTON**—^{Television} receiver with record-player and drawer, 265 Gns.

E. 24-inch **SLIMLINE PRINCETON**—^{Television} world-wide radio, high-fidelity, 355 Gns.

F. 21-inch **SLIMLINE BERKIN**—^{Television} tonings, 239 Gns. **AMBASSADOR**—^{Television} screen—269 Gns.

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alone cannot
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clothes a
dazzling white"

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more and more women are now using Robin, the easy-to-mix powder starch that does not stick to the iron. Therefore, ironing is easier and linens are crisp and fresh looking.

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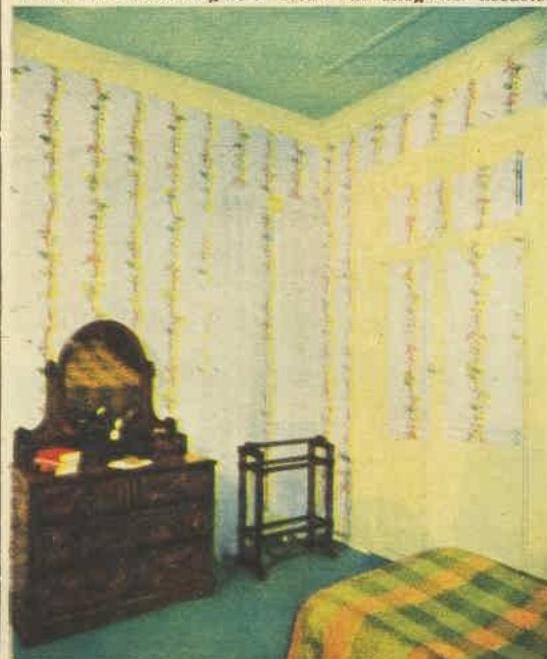
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ROOM WITH A VIEW. This balcony at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Broughton, of Darling Point, Sydney, had a complete face-lift. Walls were specially treated with artists' oil paint, then sprayed with clear lacquer. The windows were lowered to show the view. Yellow venetian blinds and white pumpkin-shaped light fixtures complete the decor.



JAPANESE WALLPAPER in a superb shade of mahogany is the color keynote in Mr. Broughton's study. The gay coloring in the chintz upholstery on the comfortable chairs makes the room bright, cheerful, and altogether liveable.



GUEST ROOM. Wallpaper patterned in bows and birds adds to the charm of this pretty little guest room. Long French windows are shaded with blinds to match the wallpaper. The overall effect is modern, yet restrained.



GRANDFATHER CLOCK ticks away the years in the old hallway leading from the entrance downstairs. The delicate wallpaper in this part of the house has a bow pattern matching the motifs on the old-fashioned high ceiling.

ANTIQUES IN A NEW SETTING

HERIRLOOM antiques merge happily with the strong colors of modern decor in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Broughton, at Darling Point, Sydney. They have lived in the house about 35 years.

"When I saw pictures in overseas magazines of the new wall-papers—just the same as my mother had in our home when I was a girl—I decided I wanted to redecorate," said Mrs. Broughton.

And so, combining the treasured pieces that they had collected over the years with modern designs in wallpaper and brilliant fabrics, the Broughtons began the transformation. The result, as shown on this page, is charming.

Old gaol becomes a showplace

Using a few gallons of brightly colored paint, a lot of hard work, and a modern outlook, a South Australian couple have transformed a 118-year-old derelict building, once a courthouse, police station, and gaol, into a pleasant and attractive home.

THE transformation of the old gaol at Willunga, South Australia, into a pretty home was done by Mr. Colin Byrne and his wife, Betty, who now live there with their four-year-old son, Mark. Mr. and Mrs. Byrne decided to make the derelict old building their home, against the advice of their friends, when Mr.

Byrne's work took him to Willunga last November.

"You're mad," said the friends. "Look at the plaster hanging down everywhere and the cracks and the dirt and the weeds . . ."

"But I could see its possibilities," Mrs. Byrne said. "Almost immediately I could visualise what we could do with it. And our need was great.

"I worked out ideas and did

what I could to carry them out, and when Colin came home at night and at weekends he would get busy, too, with paints and brushes. For months we worked until midnight every night."

Betty Byrne, well known in Adelaide and Mt. Gambier for her classes in floral art and her prize-winning flower arrangements, has ample opportunity to express her artistry in this old home.

Her flower pieces of both fresh and dried flowers are a feature of the decoration there.

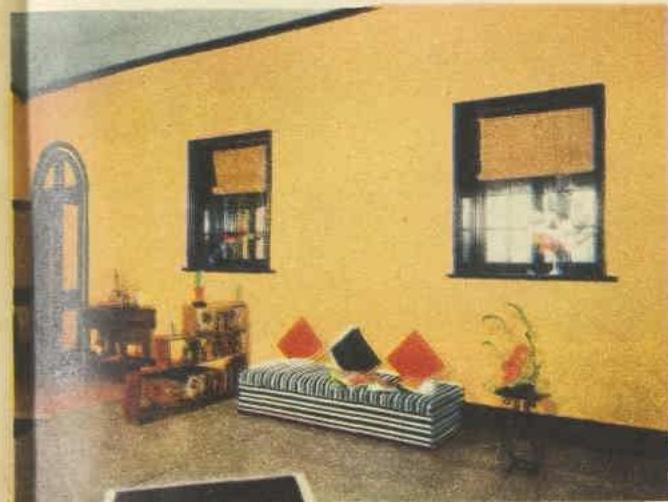
In some of the rooms and in the cobbled courtyard leading to the three former cells, Mrs. Byrne has used the strong primary colors, red and yellow.

In the old courtroom, which she and her husband have made into a room for entertaining, they found that for the aged woodwork, marred by time and rough usage, black was the only color. Where they could they have relieved the black with yellow panels for contrast.

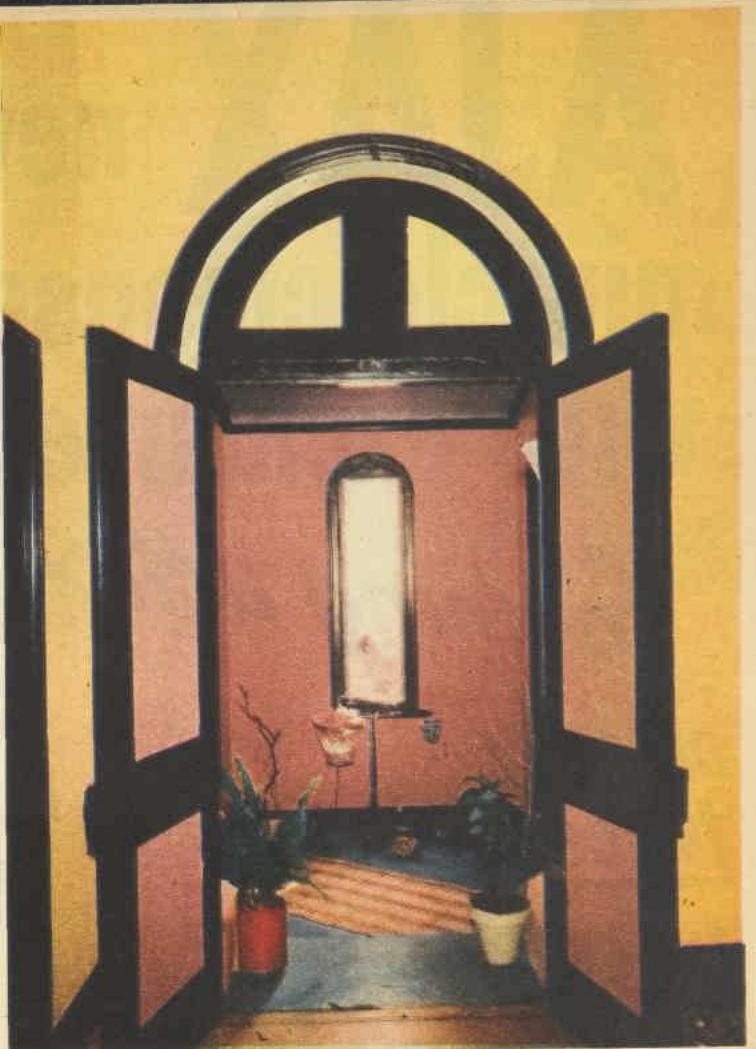
They have used the modern fashion of varied colors on the walls of most rooms. Ceilings give further color contrast.

One wall in the old courtroom needed wallpaper to cover up its irregular plaster, so an all-over ivy pattern was chosen as the best camouflage.

Most lived-in room in the house is the kitchen, formerly part of the married troopers' quarters.



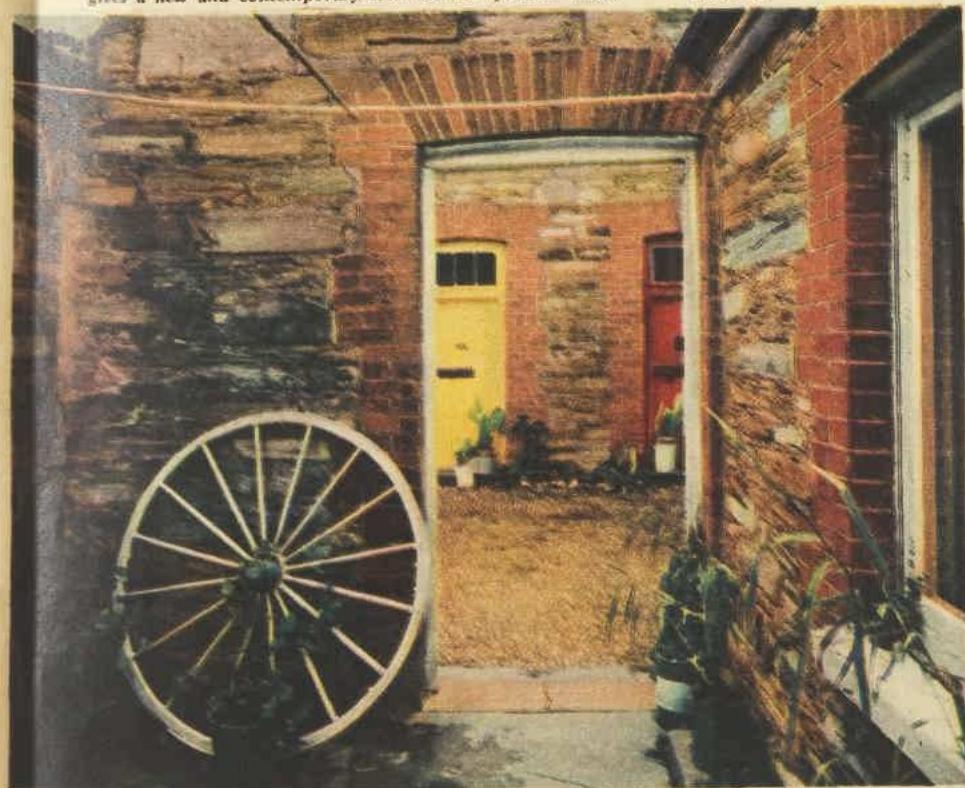
OLD-FASHIONED WINDOWS look out on to gum trees and dominate the 30ft-long wall of the former courthouse-gaol at Willunga, S.A., now the home of Mr. and Mrs. Colin Byrne. A modern divan with black-and-white cover and colored cushions gives a new and contemporary look to this spacious room.



VESTIBULE with an entrance door on either side has a slate threshold worn by the passage of time. The double doors lead into the old courtroom. Willunga, an aboriginal word meaning "place of trees," was prominent in early history.



COSY SITTING-ROOM with its open hearth, colored walls, and modern tapestries is in marked contrast to the room as it was. "We just didn't know where to start with it," Mrs. Byrne said. Four-year-old Mark likes it as a playroom.



COBBLESTONE COURTYARD (above), with the three former cells beyond, has a Mexican look with its red, yellow, and black color scheme. The cartwheel is used as a trellis.

QUAINT, remodelled kitchen (right) shows how paint and other color accessories can give life to the oldest of rooms. The frame of an old pair of scales, painted yellow, is arresting.



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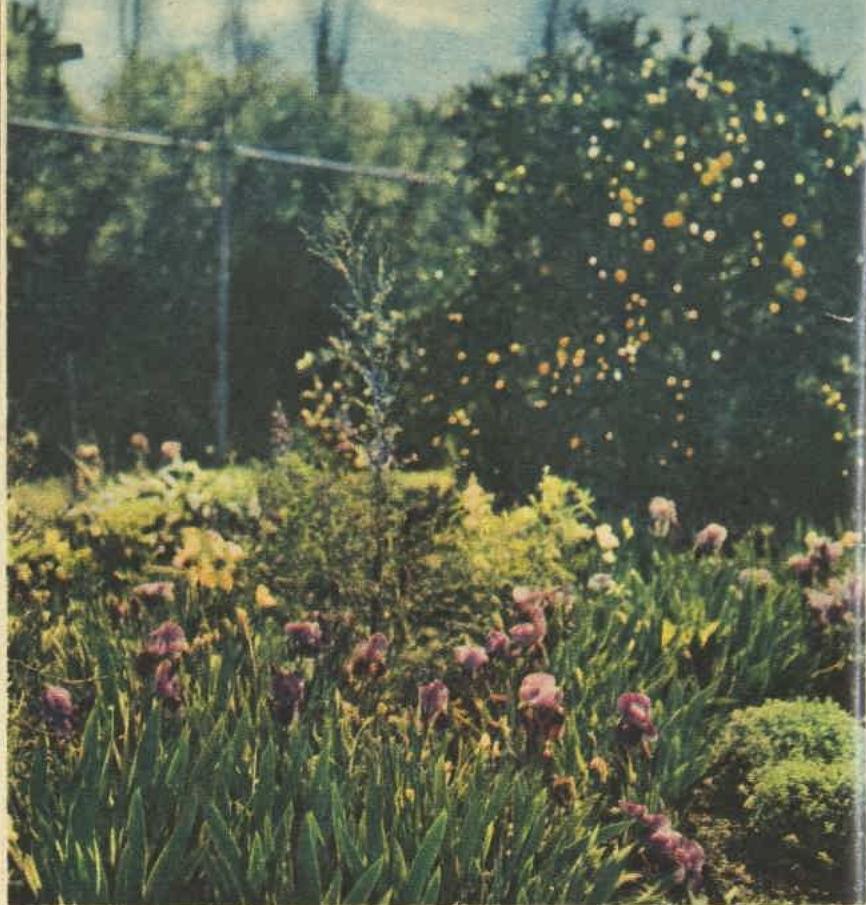
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IRISES ARE EASY



SOUND PLANNING before planting irises is indicated in the picture above and at the top of the opposite page. Grown in clumps beneath trees or by the side of a garden pond, these lovely flowers are a most decorative asset. The two color pictures were taken at the home of Mrs. Jean Murray-Walker, of Warragee, N.S.W.

GARDENING

● Easy-to-grow irises have few equals for lasting and varied color. This is the time, when irises are blooming, that gardeners should look around the parks and gardens and note varieties they want to order for later planting from the thousands available at nurseries. These pictures show some of the species and their habits of growth.



SHASTA, one of the Barbata (or bearded) family, has rhizomes, or fleshy root stocks, which should be lifted during winter, and after division into "fans" cut to about 8in. The pieces should be firmed into well-drained soil. Bury only roots, leaving root stocks on top.

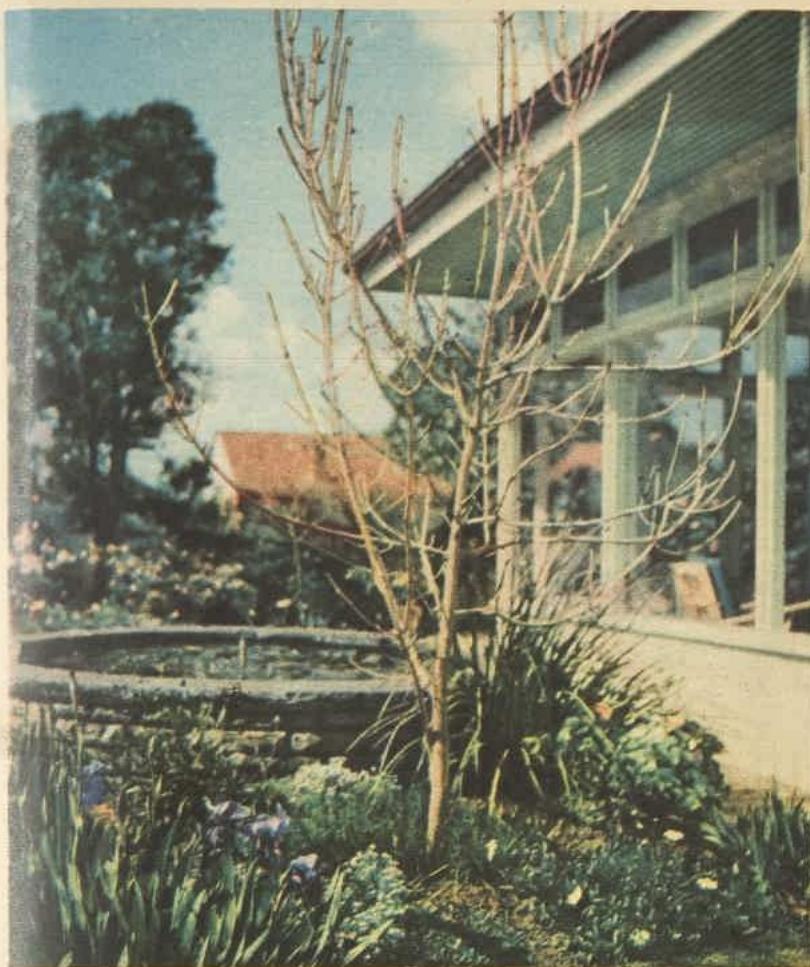


MAGENTA and **SNOW CRYSTAL**, like all the Barbata irises, need an open, sunny position and good drainage. They like lime, superphosphate, and commercial fertilisers. The bearded iris includes hundreds of hybrids in a wide variety of colors; the reds are more recent.



ROSY WINGS, another Barbata, is also a rhizomatous type with fairly broad-blade foliage and tall flower spikes bearing bearded falls. It does well in medium to light or even well-drained heavy loams, and looks best in clumps at the back or middle of perennial beds.

...BUT PLAN FIRST



BUTTERFLY IRIS (*Moraea bicolor*) has corms, or rootstocks, narrow grass-like foliage, and clustered white, red, yellow, or lilac flowers which last only a day. Corms should be planted in spring. This flower is useful for rockeries in warm coastal districts.



JAPANESE IRIS (*Kaempferi*) is one of the most beautiful species. Colors include mauve, a blue-veined white, purple, blue, and silver. This plant hates lime, needs rich soil, and does best at the edge of pools or streams. It should be planted in autumn.



IRIS STYLOSA has a narrow and sharp-edged perennial foliage. It grows to about two feet and becomes very dense and clumpy after a few years. It should then be lifted and divided. Flowers are blue. It is not frosty, but needs feeding in sandy soil.



SPANISH IRIS (*Xiphium*) is a fine flower for garden and cutting. It has slender, sparse, rounded foliage, and the colors range from yellow and white to blues and bronzes. Bulbs should be planted between February and May in average, well-drained soil.

Are you in the know?



At this theatre party, should one of the girls be seated—

- Beside the other. On the aisle. Farthest from the aisle.

Getting into a tussle over who's to sit where—won't get you an early dating encore. Even-numbered groups should start and end with a man; so here, one lad should take the farthest seat, followed by you two gals—then your squire. You need never know an awkward moment,

even at trying times. Let Kotex* sanitary napkins give you unfailing protection. You will be sure of the softness, safety, complete absorbency you need—to maintain your poise and your peace of mind. And remember those flat-pressed ends prevent tell-tale outlines.



If you're a problem blonde should you—

- Brush up. Brighten up.
 Become a brunette.



If your guy can't afford much gallivanting—

- Slip him a few coins. Snare a spender.
 Try parlor magic.

Towhead, wothead! — when shadowy roots bedim the gold. Brushing helps; draws up excess oil. Also, the tinted shampoos (wash-outable) brighten top-knots—safely. You'll always be a fair haired gal, if you watch your grooming; guard your daintiness. On those problem days choose Kotex. Those flat-pressed ends prevent tell-tale outlines. You will be sure of the softness, safety, complete absorbency you need—with Kotex.

He's no miser—just allowance-bound. If your steady can't take you out every night, how 'bout a few home dates? A little parlor magic (records) and cookies can ease wallet strain; help him save for your really plush occasions. On trying days, there's magic, too, in the way Kotex gives trustworthy protection. Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it; and your new Kotex* belt gives you added comfort, too.



Kotex now comes in the feminine pink and grey box. Also available in plain paper wrapper. Price: Single Pack 2/11 — Double Pack 5/9

Wondering when to introduce your daughter to Kotex? — better to be a year early than a day late. All the answers to those questions she is going to ask can be found in our two helpful booklets "You're a Young Lady Now"—(8-12) and "Very Personally Yours" (for older girls). Available from Kimberly Clark of Australia, Suite 105, 40 Miller St., North Sydney.

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KK 359/7

Delightful home plan with simple lines

• This week's home plan is an essentially simple design that achieves a distinctive modern appeal with its good, clean lines and cantilevered balcony. The house is raised up from the site for coolness and the garage is placed underneath it.

THE plan, No. 803 in our series of standard home plans, costs £7/7/- complete with specifications. It can be bought from our Home Planning Centres. See addresses in the last column.

The design is one of our signature plans and is the work of Queensland architect Cecil Robinson. Although it has special interest for Queensland readers, it is well suited for the needs of home-builders in other States.

If the site had enough slope there would be additional space under the house to use as a rumpus room or a wet-weather drying area.

The house could be placed on the site in several ways without spoiling its appearance. On a wide block, all the major rooms could face the front street. On a narrower block, bedrooms 1 and 3 could face the front, or, alternatively, the dining-room and kitchen could be placed at the front, depending on the preference of the home-owner.

Careful thought should al-

ways be given to the individual block of land, so that when the house is built it will get the sunshine and the prevailing breezes.

There is a delightful living-area in the house. The living-room opens on to the balcony on one side and to the paved patio on the other, making a spacious area for entertaining.

Meals could be served conveniently on the patio, which has access to the kitchen through laundry and living-room.

From the housewife's point of view the kitchen has the great advantage of being in a central position. From it the activities in the living-room, work in the laundry, and the

children's play on the patio can be supervised.

An open fireplace is featured on one end of the living-room wall. The space on either side of it forms built-in storage units in the second bedroom.

There are three bright and airy bedrooms, two of them having important corner posi-

tions where they will get the breeze from both sides.

The toilet is beside the bathroom but is a completely separate unit. A capacious store-room is placed next to the bathroom on the other side.

This practical house is designed for a family, and follows the modern trend in home design.

It has an area of 13 squares if built in brick and 12 squares in timber.

Approximate costs of building the house would be:

In New South Wales: Brick, £5850; timber, £4375; fibro, £4100.

In Victoria: Brick veneer, £4750; timber, £3875; fibro, £3675.

In Queensland: Brick, £5800; timber, £3850; fibro, £3675.

In South Australia: Brick, £4155; asbestos, £3675.

Our Home Planning Centres, established in conjunction with leading stores in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Brisbane, offer a comprehensive service to intending home-builders.

• All standard plans published in The Australian Women's Weekly are available at the Centres simultaneously with publication.

• Hundreds of other standard plans are available from stock.

All standard plans cost £7/7/- each, complete with

HOME PLAN No. 803 has good, clean lines, a sweeping roof, and cantilevered balcony. There are three bedrooms, making it a suitable home for a family.

specifications, and are available in six variations.

• Plans will be prepared to any individual design at a fee of £1/1/- per square, based on total area.

• Home-planning experts at the Centres will advise readers on any aspect of home-building. Inspections of proposed building sites will also be made if required.

Plans can also be ordered from the Centres by mail, enclosing fee. Addresses of the Centres are:

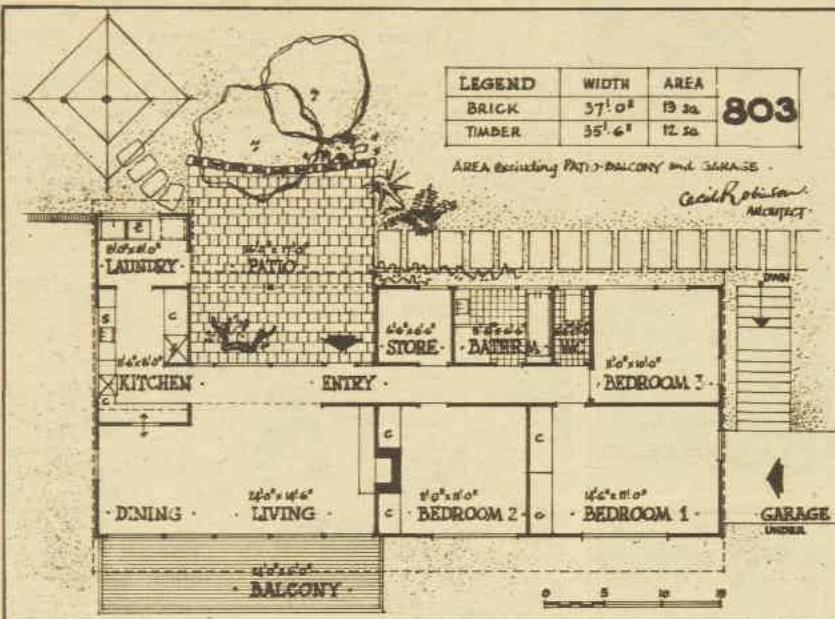
SYDNEY: Anthony Horner and Sons Ltd. (Third Floor), Brickfield Hill.

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium (Sixth Floor), Lonsdale St. Mail to Box 5038Y, G.P.O.

GEELONG: Our representative will be in attendance every Thursday at the Myer Emporium in Geelong to advise readers on home plans.

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd. (Second Floor), The Valley. Mail to Box 151, Broadway P.O.

ADELAIDE: John Martin and Co. Ltd. (Second Floor), Rundle St. Mail to Box 629E, G.P.O.



FLOOR LAYOUT of the house is shown at right. A patio on one side and balcony on the other extend from the living-room, giving plenty of space for entertaining.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 30, 1957

RECIPES FOR YOUR FILE

On this page and overleaf are four tested recipes to add to your index file. These recipes are printed back-to-back, with the illustration on one page and the ingredients and directions directly opposite on the other. Cut the recipes straight along the dotted lines and each one is complete.

LUNCHEON TOMATO CUPS



CHERRY CREAM PIE

Two cups fresh cooked or tinned cherries, 3 eggs, 1½ cups milk, 2-3rd cup sugar, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 1 tablespoon butter or margarine, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 gill cream, 1 9in. biscuit pastry-case, shredded coconut.

Drain cherries, reserve ¼ cup syrup. Combine egg-yolks, milk, half the sugar, butter, and gelatine in top of double boiler. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until slightly thickened. Cool and chill until thickening. Add cherry syrup, lemon juice, and fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites which have been beaten with remaining sugar. Whip cream until stiff, fold into gelatine mixture with whole cherries, reserving a few for top decoration. Pile mixture into cooked pastry-shell and sprinkle with shredded coconut and cherries. Chill in refrigerator until just before serving. Serves 6. For pastry-case use 6oz. flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, 3oz. shortening, 1oz. sugar, and milk to bind.

CUCUMBER CHEESE DIP



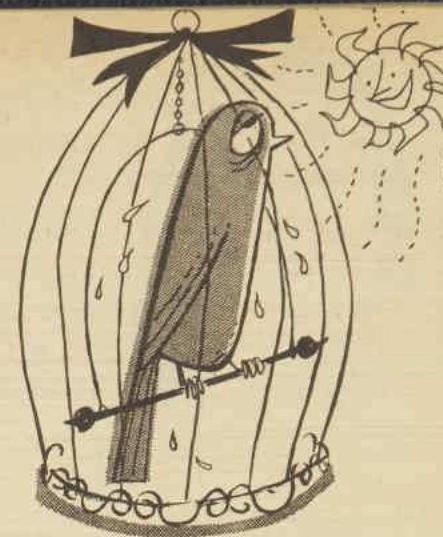
CARAMEL FRUIT CHEWS

Two ounces butter or substitute, ½ cup brown sugar, 1 cup wholemeal self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Topping: Two eggs, 1½ cups brown sugar, 4 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ cup chopped crystallised cherries, ½ cup chopped walnuts or mixed nuts, 1 cup desiccated coconut.

Cream butter and brown sugar; work in wholemeal flour and salt. Press into greased slab-tin 7 x 10 inches. Bake in moderate oven 8 to 10 minutes. Prepare topping. Beat eggs with brown sugar. Mix other ingredients together and add to egg mixture. Spread over foundation mixture, return to moderate oven for further 35 to 40 minutes. Cool slightly, cut into fingers. Store in airtight tin.

If white flour is preferred use ½ cup self-raising flour and ½ cup plain flour or 1 cup plain flour and 1 teaspoon baking powder.



The original hot canary lived in a gilded cage — and when the sun shone he fried

Then one day he read that Cane-ite Wallboard can make your home up to 15° cooler in summer, by adding one half-inch thickness of Cane-ite round the outside walls and in the ceiling — only costs about £36 to buy enough Cane-ite Wallboard for a ten-square house.



"That's for me", chirruped our songster, and using his little hammer and nails he had covered his cage in no time at all.

Now he's a cool and comfy bird — and there's a moral to the story, too.



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THEN, season with a half teaspoon of salt, half a cup of vinegar and one teaspoon of Keen's mustard.

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- Hard thumping with an iron won't hurt Beutron Tropical Whites.
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MORE RECIPES FOR FILING

Below are two recipes to add to your kitchen file. Readers can order a ready-made file which measures approximately 8½ by 6½ inches from any of our branch offices. See addresses on top of page 2. (Tasmanian readers should write to our Sydney office.) The price is 10/-, postage 2/- extra.

LUNCHEON TOMATO CUPS

- Six even-sized large tomatoes, salt and pepper, savory filling.

Cut slice from top of each tomato and carefully scoop out centre pulp. Invert on flat plate to drain. Sprinkle inside cases with salt and pepper, fill with savory filling and stand on a shallow greased tray. Bake in a moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Serve piping hot to 6 persons.

Savory fillings: 1. Chop 2 sets blanched cooked brains and combine with ½ cup white sauce, 1 teaspoon finely chopped shallots, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, and 1 teaspoon chopped parsley. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

2. Mix 2 cups chopped cooked cold meat with ½ cup tomato pulp, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion, and a little breadcrumbs or rolled oats. Season well.

3. Add 2 tablespoons grated cheese to 2 cups cooked spaghetti and 1 cup white or tomato-flavored sauce.

CHERRY CREAM PIE



CUCUMBER CHEESE DIP

- Two large cucumbers, two 4oz. packets cream cheese, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 tablespoons grated white onion, salt and pepper.

Grate the pared cucumber, then drain and reserve liquid. Soften cream cheese with lemon juice, add cucumber and onion, season to taste with salt and pepper. If too thick, thin with liquid drained from cucumber. Chill, garnish with sliced olives, and serve with assorted crackers or potato crisps.

Variations—Coral Shrimp Dip: Omit cucumber, add a dash of Worcestershire sauce and chilli sauce with 1 cup finely chopped prawns.

Nippy Cheese Dip: Substitute crumbled blue cheese for cucumber, flavor with chilli sauce, paprika, and finely chopped chives.

Devilled Dunk: Add ½ cup finely chopped ham, 1 teaspoon mustard and 4 drops tabasco sauce.

CARAMEL FRUIT CHEWS



WEDGES of plain sponge, split in two, filled and topped with fruit salad (either tinned or home-made), and finished with a generous swirl of whipped cream, make a delicious quick dessert for warm days.

CHICKEN DISH WINS PRIZE

- A superb chicken dish with a definite Chinese flavor wins the main prize of £5 in this week's recipe contest for readers.

THE prize-winning recipe, chicken breasts oriental, served with all the trimmings, provides an elaborate main course dish for a dinner-party.

Almond chocolate balls, a delicious, easy-to-make confection which requires no cooking wins a consolation prize of £1.

All spoon measurements are level.

CHICKEN BREASTS ORIENTAL

Four chicken breasts, 1 tablespoon Chinese wine or dry white wine, 1 cup cream or evaporated milk, 2oz. fresh, tinned, or dried mushrooms, 4 spring onions, salt, pepper, ½ tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 tablespoon ground almonds, 1 dessertspoon soya sauce, 1 egg-yolk, ½ cup toasted almond halves, 1 tin bamboo shoots or asparagus cuts, ½ lb. Chinese noodles (cooked), buttered breadcrumbs.

Place chicken breasts in ovenware basin, add wine, ½ cup of the cream, sliced mushrooms (previously soaked if using dried variety), season with salt and pepper. Arrange green tops of the spring onions over contents in basin. Cover with a piece of greased paper, place in a saucepan half full of boiling water. Steam 1 hour or until chicken flesh is tender. Serve on large platter with sauce. Top with almond halves. Surround

chicken with noodles. Shape boiled spring onions into rings, fill centres with pre-heated bamboo shoots cut into thin lengths, sprinkle with buttered crumbs.

To Make Sauce: Melt butter in saucepan, stir in cornflour and ground almonds, cook 2 minutes. Remove from heat, stir in balance of cream, soya sauce, liquid in which chicken is cooked, and liquid from bamboo shoots to make 1 cup. Return to heat, stir until sauce boils and thickens. Add beaten egg-yolk, season with salt and pepper.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. P. Walker, 94 Evansdale Street, Floreat Park, W.A.

ALMOND CHOCOLATE BALLS

One pound plain biscuits (or biscuit pieces), 1 tin condensed milk, 1 tablespoon sherry, ½ lb. solid-type white shortening, 4 tablespoons drinking chocolate, blanched almond halves.

Crush biscuit crumbs finely, place in basin, add condensed milk and sherry; mix well. Shape into small balls, with hands dusted lightly with icing-sugar. Melt shortening in saucepan, stir in drinking chocolate. Coat sherry balls with chocolate mixture, place on greasproof paper to set. Press an almond half into each ball, chill in refrigerator until quite firm.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss T. Rolfe, 59 Union Street, Windsor, Vic.

FAMILY DISH

THIS week's family dish combines tinned or cooked left-over meat, rice, and peas, with a touch of curry. Try this recipe at weekends; it costs approximately 7/- and serves five.

SATURDAY BAKE

One 12 ounce tin pork luncheon meat or other tinned or cold cooked meat, 1 cup rice, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 1 cup cooked peas, 1 tablespoon melted butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1½ tablespoons grated onion, 1 teaspoon curry powder, salt, pepper.

Dice tinned or cold left-over meat, mix with rice (cooked in plenty of boiling salted water), beaten eggs, and all other ingredients, mixing evenly and thoroughly. Fill into large dish (ovenproof and suitable for serving), bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Serve piping hot garnished with parsley.

Continuing . . .

The Girl In The White Dress

from page 25

just over four weeks. I wonder whether you would like to have a crack at it."

"But I've had no experience at all—"

"We're not looking for repertory actors, you know—just people who don't mind working hard. It's quite rewarding. You happen to look like this particular part. You needn't commit yourself. Come along to rehearsal on Monday and have a look at us."

"I don't know that there'd be any point in it . . ."

Fennie laughed shortly: "You are a tactful young man. You've done nothing but upset the station commander since you arrived. Your squadron commander asks you to do something and you turn him down flat." He stood up. "Tell me, Hartington—do you expect to get very far in the air force?"

Allan's cheeks began to burn. "I'm sorry, sir. I didn't mean to be rude. I'd be very glad to have a go."

"That's better. You can only make an ass of yourself, and you ought to be pretty used to that . . ."

OVER the weekend it began to dawn on Allan that resolving to meet Christine again and doing anything about it were two different things. She clearly wouldn't wander about the station, so that another chance meeting was unlikely. With the Group-Captain's warning in mind he knew the more obvious gambits were out of the question. In the end he decided that ladies' night was the only possibility, although presumably her father would be there, too. He couldn't see much future in that.

Monday was taken up with settling in and flying for the first time with his new squadron. Fennie said: "Have an early dinner and I'll pick you up at the mess afterwards. Civilian clothes, of course . . ."

And later, on the way to the hall, Fennie told Allan: "You did quite well today, considering that you haven't flown with us before."

"Thank you, sir."

"I want you to try and fit in as quickly as possible. There's a big exercise at the end of the month. Exercise Canback. I'm determined that my squadron shan't carry any cans."

They went into the hall and up on to the stage, where a group of people were sitting and standing around talking.

"Hallo, Mike," Fennie said to a man in shirt and slacks. "This is my new prospect, Allan Hartington. Mike is our producer."

"Nice to have you, Allan," said Mike.

"I think you know our leading lady," Fennie said.

Christine came over and said: "We didn't see any more of you on Friday."

Allan gulped, groped helplessly for words. At last he said: "I turned in early."

Mike said: "If you're ready we'll try a reading." He pushed a script into Allan's hands and led him on to the stage. "All right," he said, peering across the footlights at the rest of the cast, "there's been enough nattering. Give these two a chance." He pushed a finger into Allan's script. "Christine begins here. You follow on."

Allan rapidly scanned the page, trying to get the meaning of the scene. His panic had gone, and he was hugging his good luck. He didn't intend to miss the opportunities presented by four weeks of rehearsals.

He said: "Whenever you're ready."

Christine read: "You haven't congratulated me."

"On what?"

"On my forthcoming marriage."

"I'll give you my condolences if you like."

"Is that meant to be funny?"

"Not particularly. There's nothing amusing about the thought of any woman marrying Martin Dexter."

"You're not very loyal to your employer."

"I work for Martin for the only thing in this world he understands. Money. It buys all sorts of things. Loyalty isn't one of them. If another woman married Martin I should think it a disaster. If you marry him it will be a tragedy."

"I shouldn't be listening to this."

Allan fumbled with the page and turned it over. "You may as well let me finish." Suddenly the words he was reading seemed to come alive.

"When I first saw you, I—well, never mind about that. I hardly dared let myself think of you as a woman, because you seemed so far . . . so far above and beyond me, if you like. But Martin . . . he's hard and ruthless and greedy. I tell you that he will degrade you—destroy you."

Mike stood up and walked across the stage. "Fine," he said. "You read that as if you really meant it."

"That was very good," Christine said.

Allan turned a bright shade of pink . . .

Allan was happy. He was, incredibly, getting to know Christine, over hurried cigarettes between scenes, breaks for cups of tea, and long discussions when rehearsals were finished. Each day when there was no rehearsal was empty, and each rehearsal came and vanished all too quickly.

He grew to know the cool blue eyes that lit up with sudden amusement, that she took one spoonful of sugar in tea, and smoked little. He also found that he wanted to talk to her about everything or anything. They laughed easily, and fitted together like a pair of gloves.

His flying went well. He grafted himself on to the squadron and Fennie nodded approvingly . . .

They were keyed up for Exercise Canback when Fennie came into the mess one day and said that it had been postponed for a week.

There was a chorus of groans.

Fennie took Allan aside. He said: "The trouble is that it's now on the same day as the play."

"We shall finish in time, shan't we?"

"Should do. There won't be much time, though . . ."

Exercise Canback had many of the qualities of a dream, with the infuriated howl of the jet engines, lined cheeks from wearing his oxygen mask, and a god's-eye view of the earth.

And finally, like some intoxicated fantasy, there was the search, over six miles up in the crystal atmosphere, for an elusive, glancing dart of

To page 46

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

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Continuing . . .

The Girl In The White Dress

from page 45

light that might one day mean life or death for nation . . .

When he landed for the last time that day, Allan stood in silence, looking at the ground. He was stiff and tired and his head ached.

Fennie came up and walked beside him. "You got an interception, didn't you?"

"I think so, sir."

Fennie looked at his watch. "We'll have to rush. Just time for a bath and something to eat."

"I feel more like going to sleep."

"See you at the hall . . ."

When Allan had put on his make-up, there were still a few minutes to go. He looked covertly out through the curtains at the audience.

A haze of smoke hung low in the hall, and there was a loud murmur of conversation. Officers lounged in the front rows, and the Group-Captain sat in the middle.

The thought of going out in front made him feel like being sick. He turned away.

Christine said: "Good luck." "I feel awful."

"You'll be all right."

"I can't remember any of my lines."

"Nor can I. It's always the same. It'll be different later. You'll see."

Allan doubted it. He could clearly visualise the picture as the curtain rose on the second scene, revealing him speechless. The Group-Captain would go berserk.

All through the first scene he stood petrified in the wings. Those people talking and gestulating out there on the stage had no connection with him. He wasn't one of them. He stood, quietly shaking, suppressing an ignoble desire to run and hide.

The curtain fell, there was a flurry of bodies, and Allan felt himself being pushed into the middle of the stage. Then, with a little creak, the curtain rose.

Christine said: "You haven't congratulated me . . ."

For the next hour, Allan was someone else. It was with a vague sense of surprise that he finally found himself standing in line with the rest of the cast, bowing, while the audience applauded generously.

He was holding Christine's hand, and it abruptly dawned on him that this was the first time that he had ever touched her. He squeezed her fingers gently. She turned her head and smiled at him, and, deliciously, he was aware that she was clutching his hand tightly.

Then it was all over. He could hear the audience scraping their chairs, going away. The Group-Captain came back and gruffly thanked everybody. Little chattering, relieved groups formed, and for a moment he and Christine were left alone.

He realised then that no more could their meetings be counted on, taken for granted, and a sense of impending loss began to creep over him.

He said, without much hope: "When is the next play?"

"Not until next winter."

"Oh."

There was something of a silence.

"These past few weeks have been wonderful," Allan said.

"Yes. The play has been fun."

"I didn't mean that."

Her eyes were bright, and her cheeks flushed. She said, not looking at him: "I know."

"Christine," Allan said desperately. "I must see you again, talk to you. Often, if you will."

"I should like that," she said quietly.

Fennie came by, and said: "Come on you two. Sandwiches on the table. Oh, by the way," he said in Allan's ear, "the Group-Captain wants to see you in his office tomorrow morning. Ten o'clock . . ."

There were two things that could make Allan's stomach turn over. One was pulling out of a dive at five hundred knots. The other was the thought of Group-Captain Taplow.

Next morning he was in the adjutant's office five minutes early, stiff in his best service dress, a new cap uncomfortable on his head. The adjutant said nothing, and let him sweat it out.

At ten o'clock he was saluting the Group-Captain.

"I had hoped to have the chance of a long talk with you this morning," Taplow said. "Unfortunately something has come up, and I have to attend a conference in five minutes."

Allan made regretful noises.

"So I'll just say briefly that, despite your bad start, you seem to have settled down quite well. Your squadron commander seems satisfied. Did you know that you made a successful interception yesterday?"

"A Canberra, sir — but it wasn't confirmed."

"It is now. Good show, that."

"Thank you, sir."

"I like an officer to take part in station activities. Didn't know you were an actor, though."

"Nor did I, sir."

"H'm. Who introduced you to the dramatic society?"

"Squadron Leader Fennie, sir."

"Did he, now?" said Taplow thoughtfully. "Might have guessed it. Fennie is a born intriguer — er — diplomat, I mean." Taplow stood up to pick up his cap. "That's all, Hartington."

ALLAN didn't salute. He took a deep breath and said: "I'm sorry, sir. There's something else."

"I timed this interview," Taplow said dangerously, "for ten o'clock. It is now concluded. Good morning."

"It's about Christine, sir," Allan stuttered obstinately. "That is, your daughter, Miss Taplow . . ."

The Group-Captain swelled visibly. "Great screaming heavens, Hartington!" he exclaimed. "Do you expect the air force to come to a stop while I discuss my family with a pilot-officer?"

"Then I must ask for another appointment, sir," Allan said.

The Group-Captain said: "Oh, damn you. Come over to my house tonight for cocktails. Eight o'clock. You owe me a new mess jacket, by the way." And he stalked out.

The adjutant came in and picked some papers off the desk. He said: "Another rocket?"

"Not this time. First impressions seem to have worn off."

"The C.O. said of you," the adjutant commented dryly, "that he thought you were a cocky young blighter who was going to be the bane of his life."

"Oh," said Allan.

"He went on to say that you were the type that would either go a long way in the air force or get kicked out. I should think that the odds are about even."

"I'll please the old buzzard if it kills me," Allan said.

He walked out of the office and along the corridor. Christine, he thought. And then he started to try to think kindly about her father.

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FILM FAN-FARE

Conducted by AINSLEY BAKER

Book sets challenge

Brilliant producer Stanley Kramer hopes to get either Alec Guinness or Spencer Tracy for the part of the Australian scientist in "On the Beach," the Nevil Shute novel about atom war he will film in Victoria next year.

KRAMER, who regards the making of this film as the most important job in his career, will be in Australia within the next six months to look at locations.

"I want to make this picture desperately," Kramer told me in an interview in New York. "I want to make it for every reason you can think of, because it's a tremendous theme, a vital subject, a challenge."

"It's a film that should be made to show people all over the world just what may be in store tomorrow."

"I believe it will be the most important film with the most important cast in many years."

"It is too early to be definite about names of the cast," Kramer continued, "but I would like to have someone like William Holden for the American submarine captain, and Deborah Kerr or even Ava Gardner for the Australian girl who falls in love with him."

"For the young Australian couple, who complete the five leading roles, I may try to cast two Australian players. But that doesn't mean a talent quest. They will have to be established performers."

"I see this couple as somewhat younger than Shute has them in his book. I would portray them as in their early twenties, for I see them as representing all the future of mankind. The younger they are the sharper and more

dramatic their decisions will be on the screen."

Kramer's company is paying Shute \$100,000 dollars (£44,867/3/11), plus a percentage, for the screen rights.

The novel has had a great impact in the U.S. It is a runaway best-seller and is being serialized in 40 newspapers.

Kramer admits having been shaken to the core by the appalling prospect raised by Shute, and he believes that the novel is making many Americans realize, perhaps for the first time, what might result from the nuclear arms race.

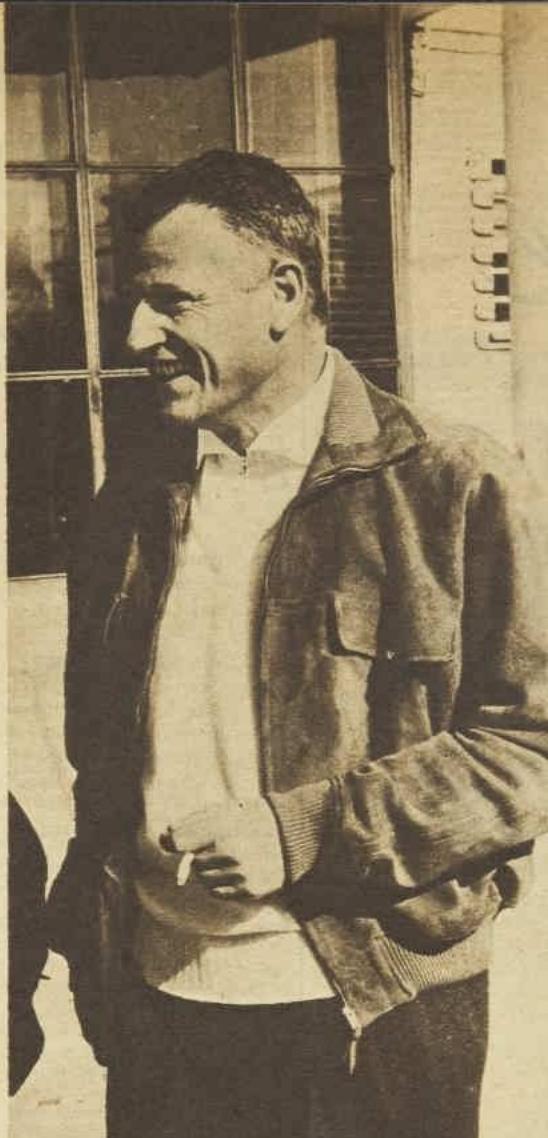
The story is set in Melbourne, where people await a pall of radioactive fallout that is killing all life in its path as it creeps inexorably down from the Northern Hemisphere, where, where it was formed by more than 4000 nuclear explosions in the 37 days of

"the short, bewildering war" of 1961.

"On the Beach" will be a multi-million-dollar production — you might almost say ceiling unlimited," Kramer said.

"There are big technical problems to overcome," the producer added. "I have to show half the Empire State Building blown away and New York deserted as seen through a periscope. I'll have to borrow an atomic submarine from the U.S. Navy."

"Fortunately, I'm on very good terms with the Navy as a result of making 'The Caine Mutiny.'



KRAMER, in his former "boy genius on a low budget" days, with Grace Kelly on the "High Noon" set. His direction of her in this film set her on the road to stardom.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 30, 1957

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SOUTH PACIFIC MUSICAL

● Almost a twin to the legendary island of Bali Ha'i is the real island of Kauai, in the Hawaiian group, where the musical "South Pacific" is being filmed against a background of blue sea, coconut palms, and volcanic peaks.

EVEN working days have been enchanted for Rossano Brazzi and Mitzi Gaynor, stars of the 20th Century-Fox, Todd-AO version of the Rodgers and Hammerstein play.

In their parts as French planter Emile de Becque and nurse Ensign Nellie Forbush, Brazzi and Gaynor have travelled through Kauai, where sugar-cane and bougainvillea grow and tropical sunsets reddened the Pacific with a Technicolor tinge.

Just to prove its claim to have the world's greatest average rainfall, Kauai for the first few days turned on a downpour which kept members of the cast indoors.

Vegetation dripped moisture, waterfalls plunged down the mountainside, mud puddles lay underfoot, and from indoors technicians watched for the clouds to break.

At intervals of sunshine, Mitzi, Rossano, and all members of the cast down to the two Eurasian children Candace Lee and Warren Hsieh rushed out ready to act their roles while the weather lasted.

Happier when the climate cleared, actors, technicians, and stars were ready to sample elaborate native-style feasts, take thirst-quenching drinks of coconut milk, and to hear Polynesian music played by the local inhabitants.

For romantic star Brazzi, Kauai is another step in the movie travels which have taken him from his native Italy to Munich, Algeria, London, and Hollywood.

Rossano Brazzi and Mitzi Gaynor, the romantic stars, are both happily married—but not to each other. Brazzi has been married for 17 years to his plump, middle-aged Italian Lydia, while Mitzi's husband is Jack Bean, a Hollywood agent and public-relations executive.

"Without Jack," says Mitzi, "it's doubtful that I would ever have gone after 'South Pacific.' But Jack kept telling me: 'Honey, you can do it, I know you can.'"

Mitzi's chance to take the role, played for so long on stage by dynamic Mary Martin, delighted her, as did the telegram received from Rodgers and Hammerstein:

It read:

"Dear Mitzi, we compliment each other on our good fortune."



CELEBRATING birthday of France Nuyen (with orchid) are Rossano Brazzi, Ray Walston, Juanita Hall, director Josh Logan, and star Mitzi Gaynor.

For years the world has been singing the melodies of this wartime musical. Now there's another, specially written for Mitzi and young actor John Kerr, titled "My Girl Back Home."

"When Mary Martin turned down the role," said director Josh Logan, "Mitzi was the first and only actress we screen-tested for the part. We knew that she would work her head off for us, that there would be no displays of temperament, no arguments over make-up and wardrobes."

The cast, including Juanita Hall as "Bloody Mary," France Nuyen as "Liat," and Ray Walston in the part of "Luther Billis," have found the director's words quite true.

Hundreds of the island's population, numbering more than 35,000, have seen the actors when they've stayed in the chief town, Lihue.

Normally, talk in Lihue concerns the island's main industry, sugar-growing, or the profit to be made from the tourist trade. But when "South Pacific" was filming, these Polynesians or islanders of mixed race caught the excitement, and gawked at the stars as they strolled the streets.

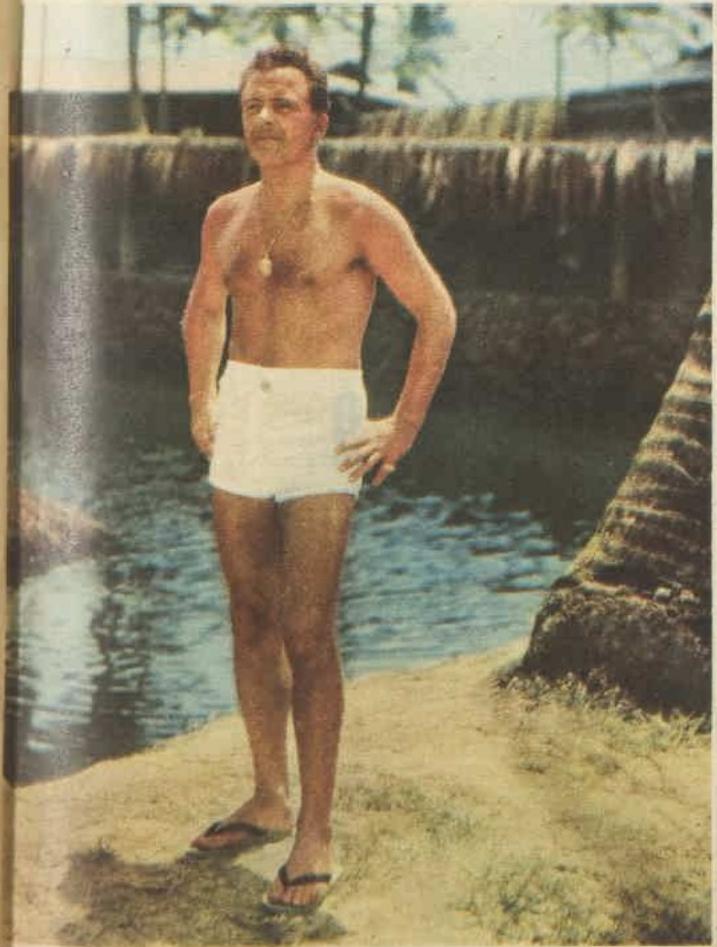
Re-enactment of wartime landings and the sight of uniforms in the streets remind most of these people of the past.

Only 60 miles away across the channel is the island of Oahu with its Pearl Harbor, shattered by Japanese bombing in December, 1941.

In those war days, Kauai itself was on the defensive, garrisoned by troops, apprehensive of air attack. The Pacific belied its name, being a battle area, where convoys, aircraft carriers, and fighting ships sailed the ocean.

But the tension has gone now from Kauai, the most beautiful island in the Hawaiian group, which will be seen by the world when "South Pacific" is released.

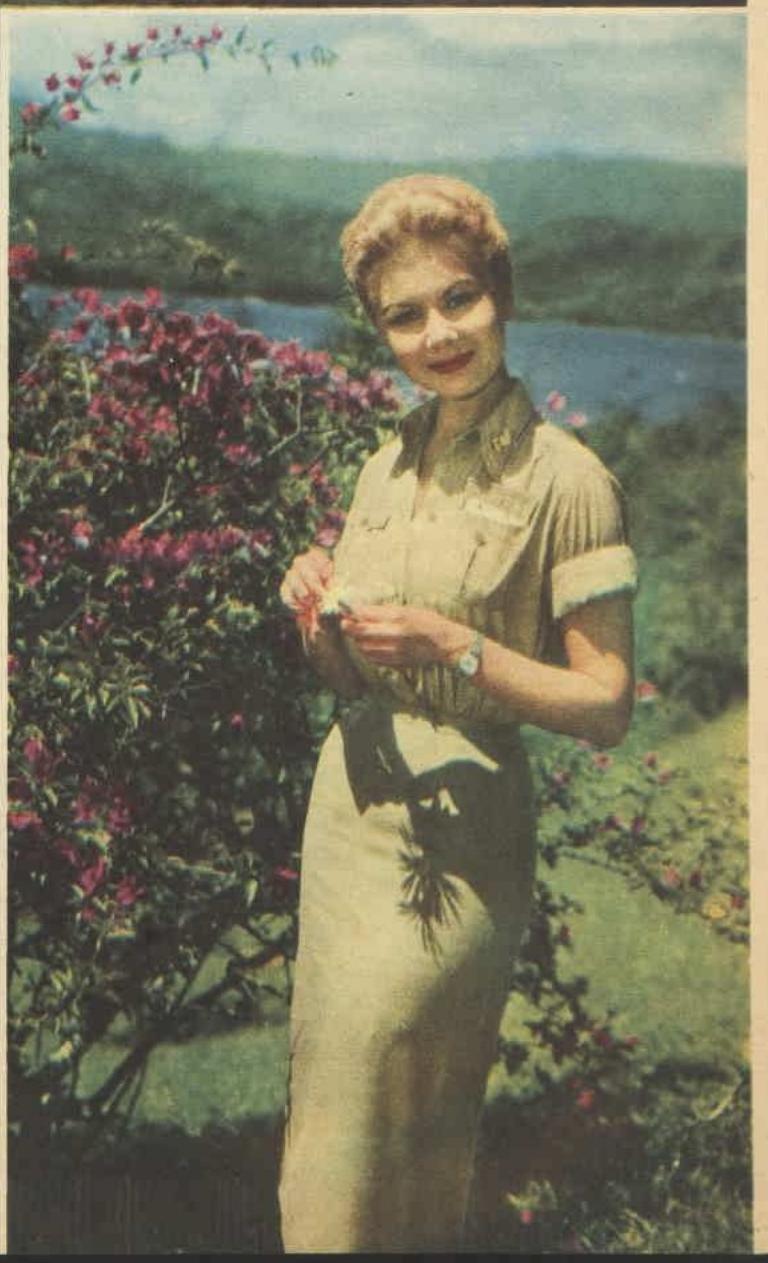




ABOVE: Palm trees and tropical bay form the background for stars of "South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi and Mitzi Gaynor. Film was made on location at Kauai Island in the lovely Hawaiian group.

LEFT: Sun-tanned Brazzi looks happy about his role of the French planter Emile de Becque. Between scenes Rossano donned swimwear and sandals, coolest wear in Kauai's hot climatic conditions.

RIGHT: Posed against splash of bougainvillea, blonde Mitzi Gaynor is both glamorous and efficient in the uniform of an Army nurse. Mitzi was chosen to play the part when Mary Martin turned down the film role for the musical "South Pacific."



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Page 50

SHAW'S "SAINT JOAN"

● Otto Preminger's production of Bernard Shaw's play "Saint Joan" brings 17-year-old discovery Jean Seberg to the screen in the role of Joan, Richard Widmark as the Dauphin, Richard Todd as Dunois, Sir John Gielgud as the Earl of Warwick, and Felix Aylmer as the Inquisitor. Novelist Graham Greene wrote the screenplay and Roger Furse designed the sets. A United Artists' release.



1 CONVINCED heavenly voices have shown her the way to save France, farm girl Joan demands from the Squire (Archie Duncan), right, a horse and soldiers to take her to the Dauphin.



2 AT LAST gaining access to the idle Dauphin (Widmark), Joan attempts to imbue in him her own courage and conviction, saying God has spoken to her through the voices of St. Margaret and St. Catherine.



3 GIVEN COMMAND of the Army, Joan prays for the victory of the French forces before going into battle. As she has predicted, Orleans is taken, and the English defeated.



4 STANDING BEHIND the Dauphin at his coronation in Rheims Cathedral, Joan has her last taste of glory. She has become the idol of the common people, but has won dangerous enemies among those in authority.



5 DISMISSED by the Dauphin, Joan is deserted, even by her friend Dunois. She and her army fight on alone, fail to take Paris, and Joan becomes a prisoner.



6 ABOVE. Handed over to her enemies in the Church, whose penalty for heresy is burning, Joan is examined 15 times in prison before going on trial.



7 RIGHT. Revoking her admission of heresy made under pressure, Joan is led to the stake, maintaining to the end her faith in the divinity of her "voices."

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The Australian Women's Weekly—October 30, 1957

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SYDNEY AND MELBOURNE

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 30, 1957

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'DEEPER DOOR'!**



S.T.C.'s 'Deeper Door' holds a surprising quantity of food. Bottles of all sizes • eggs • packaged meats, tins, etc. • big butter and cheese compartments.

**MORE SPACE
IN BIG SIZE
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Romny S.T.C. Freezer-shelf holds up to 30 cartons of frozen foods, plus ice cubes and ice cream. Keeps meat fresh for days. Other features include... big crispers • glamorous blossom-pink interior with copper-gold shelves and trim.

V193

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Fill in and send this coupon for full colour literature and for trade-in valuation on your existing fridge. Send to S.T.C. Refrigerators, Box 525, G.P.O., Sydney, or your local distributor shown below.

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Cerebos
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FORM it guards health, assists to
prevent and guard against goitre.



NEW FORMULA

Safe, sure,
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take it easy

"Little Boy" mixes insecticides, Fungicides and Fertilizers with the water through your garden hose. Just mix spray in bucket and drop in weighted tube. No pumping. Only 29¢.



Gen. C. Warner Product

Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 86-D, Hobart; New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

Fashion FROCKS



3847



F3847.—One-piece summer dress designed with a cool, sleeveless top and graceful skirt fullness. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires $\frac{1}{2}$ yds. 36in. material and 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yds. bias binding. Price 3/9.

4697



4698



BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F4699.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make small girl's dress. The pattern includes the design illustrated and one with long sleeves. Sizes: Lengths 20, 23, 28, and 34in. for 3, 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 1 2-3rd yds. to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.

584



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 584—MATERNITY SMOCK
Cool maternity smock is obtainable cut out ready to make in check gingham. The color choice includes pink and white, blue and white, green and white, red and white, and black and white. Sizes: 28 and 34in. bust, 26/8; 36 and 38in. bust, 28/3. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

No. 585—MATERNITY SKIRT
Straight-cut maternity skirt is obtainable cut out ready to make in black sundeck. Sizes: 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 24/6. Postage and registration 1/3 extra.

No. 586—SMALL GIRL'S SUNDRESS

The dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in a printed summer breeze material, featuring a spot and umbrella motif. The color choice includes blue and white, lemon and white, rose-pink and white, and red and white. Sizes: 2 years, 11/6; 3 to 4 years, 12/3; 5 to 6 years, 14/6. Postage and registration 1/3 extra.

No. 587 and 588—MATCHED MOTHER-AND-DAUGHTER DRESSES

The dresses are obtainable cut out ready to make in flower-printed cotton cambric. The color choice includes rose-pink and green on a pale blue ground; lemon and green on a green ground; blue and green on a pink ground; turquoise and green on a white ground; and red and grey on a white ground. Adult dress (No. 588): Sizes 28 and 34in. bust, 34/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 37/3. Postage and registration 1/9 extra. Small girl's dress (No. 587): Length 18in. for 2 years, 17/3; 20in. for 3 to 4 years, 18/9; 23in. for 5 to 6 years, 19/6; 28in. for 7 to 8 years, 21/- Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.



585



586

587



BAD SKIN

CLEARED

then her dreams came true



NEVER was a bride more radiant! But three weeks ago Jean's face was covered in spots. She was terribly worried. Then a friend urged her to try Validerma Balm. In a few days her skin was absolutely clear.

Validerma Balm owes its amazing effectiveness to its double antiseptic action. No single antiseptic could destroy the great variety of germs that cause skin troubles. But together these antiseptics penetrate deep down into the pores to destroy these germs. Spots, pimples, rashes, sores, eczema, are quickly relieved. Your skin becomes clear and healthy, often in a few days. Validerma Balm at chemists: tubes 2s. 6d. jars 3s. 6d.

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Are you suffering the torture of haemorrhoids? Then here's new hope for you! DOAN'S OINTMENT will quiet the itching QUICKLY—sooth and lubricate the tender tissues with special antiseptic ingredients and bring you welcome relief. DOAN'S OINTMENT has been used successfully for over 50 years—and it's oh, so gentle! Don't put up with distressing haemorrhoids any longer. Ask for DOAN'S OINTMENT at any chemist or store today.

THE LIVING BUSH

All-color picture book of nature, with 64 pages of best quality art paper, shows you Australia's strange animals, colorful birds, and beautiful flowers. See order coupon in this issue. Price 7/-.

by a serve of dark and partly cooked apricots and floury-tasting custard.

Without describing my room or the dirty bathroom, I have said enough to prove that any one who paid a return visit to the Wog Wog hotel must be raving mad. Yet something has kept me returning over and over again.

Wog Wog had a ghost, a ghost that was a bit of a vagabond and went walkabout, and the ghost belonged to Jim Smith. Jim Smith was named after his father, who with his wife was what is known as the married couple on a sheep station.

City people would probably call them the man and maid of all work, and that would be an excellent description of their duties, for the life of a "married couple" on a busy sheep station is usually a matter of all work from morning till night and seven days a week.

Usually the job is first taken on by young country married couples possessing no trade or profession except that of life on a farm, and who wish to possess a home of their own and independence.

The position of "married couple" seems at first to be an easy way of achieving this.

The wife's duties are a mixture of both milk and nursery maid with the job of housemaid thrown in for luck. In her spare moments she also cares for the kitchen and flower gardens, the making of jams, pickles, and sauces. Of course, the chores, the bottle-feeding of motherless lambs and calves are only incidentals, as are the caring of her own children and husband.

The male half of the partnership is not idle either, as anyone who has been on a sheep station knows. Every job on the station, from the milking of the cows in the early morning to the washing of the cans late at night, can fall to his busy hands. How onerous these tasks prove depends on the station manager or overseer.

With a competent manager, possessing an expert knowledge of sheep and farming, the job can be quite pleasant.

Continuing . . . The Ghost That Went Walkabout

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But woe betide the married couple inflicted with an incompetent friend or relation of the owners. If chosen for other reasons than their capability in managing a pastoral property, life on the station could be utterly miserable. Soon there will be two more advertisements in the daily papers, one in search of another situation, while the other appeals for another applicant to undertake this responsible position.

Jim's parents had worked on Wog Wog station most of their lives and Jim had been born and reared upon its two thousand acres. The Smiths had arrived shortly after their marriage to work for the father of the present owner, who was just then clearing the scrub around where the "Big House" now stood. Sharing with him the general tasks of establishing the property, they had seen it grow from scrub to a fine grazing property.

With prosperity the owner had moved to the city, where his son could enjoy the education and pleasures he himself had not been able to have.

After the owner had departed to the city, he had always taken a keen interest in the property, and seen to it that the managers who followed were efficient and decent types. Efficient men of this type, however, have a habit of saving their money until they too can buy a small property.

Only Jim's parents stayed on, and, as managers and stockmen left, they gradually came to look on the property as though it was their own. To Jim it was the only home he had ever known.

The time came when the owner died and the property passed into the control of his son. A very different type to his father, he was quite prepared to remain a "big city cookie" with no interest in the station apart from the money he received. Occasionally he would bring a party of his friends up for a night's enter-

tainment in that portion of the "Big House" that was reserved for his use. This would in turn place an added burden on the married couple.

The latest manager was one of the son's friends and, although willing to join in the parties that were held and the social distractions of the district, he had little idea of running the property efficiently. He had even less inclination to do any work and his wife was of a like mind.

Under such control and management, it was natural that the property and its equipment rapidly deteriorated. It was this lack of maintenance that was responsible for leaving Jim parentless.

A tyke blowout on a trip into the township in the station buckboard and all Jim could do for them any more was to attend to their funeral. For Jim had been gradually helping them more and more, until he was now quite capable of doing any of the duties that

came their way. As is quite usual in these cases, he received no pay, it being accepted that the older children help in their parents' tasks as some return for their board and keep. Of course, the day comes when they leave the station to start work elsewhere, or become paid hands on the station staff.

Jim was easy-going and had stayed on longer than is usual, being more concerned to help his ageing parents. Having no other home, he had also stayed on without being put on the station payroll after his parents' death.

Neither the owner nor the manager bothered to give the matter much thought, for why should they when the work was continuing to be done without any payout?

That was the state of affairs existing at the station when the young owner decided to spend a weekend shooting at the property.

Readers' Choice Contest

• "The Ghost That Went Walkabout" is the second to be published of six prize-winning stories from our recent short story contest held in conjunction with the International Correspondence Schools.

These six stories are the background for our interesting Readers' Choice Contest, for which cash prizes amounting to £85 will be awarded.

This is what you have to do:

Read "The Ghost That Went Walkabout" carefully and the four which will follow week by week until the issue of November 27. When you have read the six (the first, "Tail of a Wallaby," appeared last week) vote for the story you consider the best.

In our November 27 and December 4 issues we will publish a voting coupon with the six stories listed. Simply indicate which story you think the best on the coupon, and write and attach to it a 50-word letter giving the reasons why.

Readers' votes will win an additional £100 for one of the authors. Each author has already won £50 prizemoney. Phyllis Rose, author of "Tail of a Wallaby," also won an extra £100, the special award for an author who had never before had any work published.

No correspondence will be entered into concerning the awards.

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies and employees' families are not eligible to enter.

to be a boy and became a man, a very angry man. At the same time the owner reverted to a scared youth, caught out in some foolish prank, and like a scared youth sought some sheltering skirt to hide in. So leaving Jim with the goat, he sought and returned with the manager. Pointing at Jim he shouted, "Sack that man!"

How do you sack a man who is not on the pay roll? Jim did not wait while they worked it out, but in a terrible anger went and blindly harnessed old Bessy to the station dog-cart, loaded his few possessions and departed, leaving behind two men with a dead goat, the fowls to feed, the cows to milk.

Jim kept old Bessy and the dog-cart, for he considered he deserved them—the owner, having departed immediately for the city, could not have cared less. The manager had more than enough worries of his own without waking a sleeping dog.

Jim was kept busy around Wog Wog doing odd jobs of droving, sleeping under the dog-cart to save expenses, carefully accumulating a nice amount in the Wog Wog bank. His only worry was the lack of a good sheep dog, but that only awaited the time when he could get around to training one.

At this time the ghost was not resident in Wog Wog, but was far away impatiently waiting to begin his travels. But advance notice of his arrival was already awaiting someone in the general delivery shelves in the Wog Wog post office, for Jim had been informed that a letter was awaiting him there. Who would write to Jim?

He owed no one money and never before had he ever remembered getting a letter. The letter carried its own explanation. Months before, Jim's father, in a moment of weakness, had been persuaded to invest in a raffle in aid of some obscure charity, and now notice was served that if Mr. Jim Smith called at a city store the prize was his.

Jim visited the city, determined to find out what he had

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THE GOOD OIL

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KNOWN OIL RESERVES IN THE WORLD ARE ESTIMATED TO BE SUFFICIENT FOR AT LEAST 25 YEARS. THE SEARCH FOR FRESH OIL DEPOSITS RANGES FROM THE ARCTIC CIRCLE TO THE AUSTRALIAN OUTBACK.

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MOST HOUSEWIVES DREAD CARPET BEETLES, BUT SHELL DIELDRIN HAS PROVED AN EFFECTIVE WEAPON



DID YOU KNOW...

ONE FOR EACH

THERE'S AN APPLE TREE FOR PRACTICALLY EVERY MAN WOMAN AND CHILD IN AUSTRALIA. ONE OF THE WORST SCOURGES OF THE ORCHARD—CODLING MOTH—is BEING COMBATTED WITH A SHELL SPRAY APPLIED AT INTERVALS DURING THE GROWING PERIOD.

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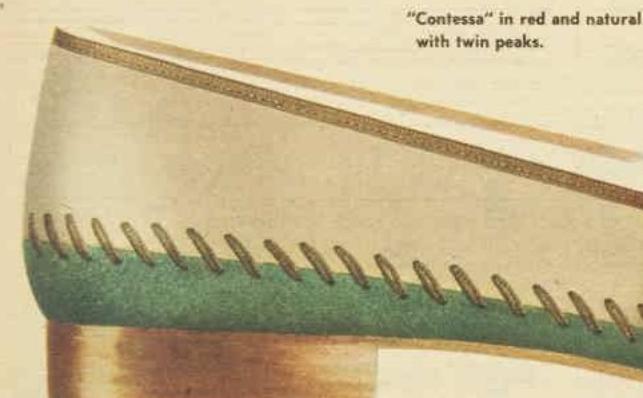
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The most flexible shoe ever — with the patented, exclusive

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 30, 1957

Continuing The Ghost That Went Walkabout

won. To visit the city was an event of importance, for Jim had never been outside of Wog Wig before. The reason for the trip he left a mystery for the local gossips to develop, for he was not anxious to appear a fool if the letter was a hoax.

Choosing a weekend when he had no work on hand, he arrived at the shop late on a Saturday morning, to find it full of customers. Being shy, it was nearly closing time before he plucked up enough courage to force his way to the counter and present his letter and card.

The young lady to whom the card was presented was busy and persuaded Jim to wait until the doors closed.

The ghost was already starting on his shenanigans—for the girl was very attractive. She was also from the country and alone in the city and seemed to find a number of mutual interests to discuss while they waited to see the manager.

The manager was at last free, and on being introduced to Jim congratulated him on his success, producing the prize, which was contained in a large black case of imitation leather. Then being in a hurry for his lunch said, "June will explain what you want to know."

Of course, everything having been made so easy, Jim and June found themselves having lunch in the gardens complete with the box. When they no longer had any excuse to linger in the cafe, they proceeded to the zoo, which always seems to possess an attraction to young country people. The box went with them to have its mysteries explained and demonstrated.

The monkeys seemed very interested when they met the box and told the thing in it

a few things it had not known before. The gorillas joined in the fun and gave it a lesson in bad manners it would never forget.

Every animal to whom the contents of the box were demonstrated immediately became enraged and shouted and roared, whether it was the lions, the tigers, or the hyenas. Of course, the noise of the hyena was really a laugh.

Jim stayed down over Sunday because he felt he needed further instruction and he shared his lessons with the thing in the box, which in its turn laughed like the hyena in its own ghostly way.

With promises to write, Jim and June parted at the station, the box returning with Jim on the train. On the train Jim opened the box and suddenly realised it contained more than he had at first thought, so that he joked and laughed with the genie he saw within.

BACK in Wog Wog Jim determined to keep the secret of the box to himself, but he just had to show it to someone or bust. He chose the little fox terrier at the hotel. But the little foxie took an immediate dislike to the thing in the box and would have fought and torn the genie to pieces if he could. The genie for his part never missed a single bark or snap of the teeth, but stored the memory of the dog's hatred within himself.

To eat, a man must work, so Jim went back to droving sheep, taking his box with him.

The box, as you have guessed, was a talking box, or tape recorder. The store, asked for a donation to a local charity, had been generous and donated a tape recorder. A slightly

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shop-soiled demonstration job, it had a habit of sometimes sounding off-key on the lower or base tones. Here was a chance to be generous and at the same time rid of the thing without the chance of having it returned via the complaints department. For who will look a gift horse in the face.

Jim, at the first quiet spot, took out the box, turned it on, and listened to the lovely voice recorded on the tape giving instructions.

Suddenly a horrible bass voice intervened with a question. It was the first time Jim had ever heard his own voice as recorded on the tape, and he never wanted to hear it again. That, too, was the opinion of old Bessy as she departed in a panic, bolting for her life down the road, leaving Jim alone with the box.

Not alone for long, for Ryan's bull had seen Bessy's flight and joined in the chase. No ordinary bull, but a famous champion and collector of ribbons, with a temper as notorious as Ryan himself.

Apparently he had escaped from his yard with very nasty intentions which he seemed eager to vent on Jim.

But at that moment the tape was broadcasting Jim and June's visit to the zoo, and the angry snarls of a group of tigers brought the bull to a sudden halt. The tigers were followed by the angry roar of lions anxious for their dinner.

Ryan's bull never stopped until it collapsed safely in its own shed.

Jim could see that his box had value he had never anticipated; soon he was becoming famous for his droving exploits. Sheep and cattle, urged on by

ghostly dogs and animals they had never seen or heard before, showed no desire to linger, but travelled urgently to their destination.

Tapes also travelled backwards and forwards to the city. Apparently Jim's voice was not so repulsive when played back on the city recorder, for the romance that the ghost had first started was now developing rapidly.

A visit to Ryan's had enabled a recording of Ryan's famous bull that would chill the spine. The bull, the moment it sighted the box, had co-operated with an exhibition that did it credit, as it challenged the mystic animals from the safety of its own yard. Only the arrival of Ryan with a pitchfork ended the performance on the tape.

The day of the Wog Wog Picnic and Sports Carnival will never be forgotten. Liberal supplies of grog had been obtained from Murphy's pub and willingly consumed. Fortified by these potations, the men had lined up for the start of the Wog Wog Challenge Cup.

Jim was behind the starting line, where he had been secretly recording some of the amusing but careless remarks of grog - loosened tongues. He began to see the possibilities of his box and temptation gained the upper hand.

The angry bellows of Ryan's bull at his maddest sounded at the heels of the contestants. Judges, spectators, and contestants vied with each other in breaking all records as they sought the safety of the nearest gum trees, leaving no one to take official times.

The real trouble started when Ryan's bull was eventually found safe and sound in

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Good news for all women!

A NEW CESARINE THAT LAUNDRYS

IN ONE OPERATION INSTEAD OF FOUR



"Easycare" needs

NO BOILING: Wash in usual way.

NO STARCHING: Dries cotton-crisp.

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Sunsilk Shampoo
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Page 55

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Continuing . . .

The Ghost That Went Walkabout

from page 55

his own shed. Some blamed Ryan and his bull for all the trouble, but it was evident that Ryan was as troubled as anyone else; others said it was supernatural, while some blamed the grog.

Jim said nothing.

Discussion was rife, varying from the hilarious versions of those who had missed the picnic to the angry and contentious ones of those who had heard the bellowing of the bull. Murphy, worried about the reflections being cast upon his liquor, invited everyone to a meeting to be held at the pub.

Jim thought this was something he would not like to miss, so attended, sitting quietly at the back with the ghost of Wog Wog safely in its box.

This meeting, fortified by Murphy's wares, was becoming relaxed and harmonious when he quietly switched on the recorder and shut the lid.

Suddenly the contending speakers lapsed into silence. Weird and strange noises seemed to be present. Ghostly lions and tigers seemed to roam among those present. Then, easily recognised by all—the voice of Ryan's bull. The pub was empty in a moment, no one wished to stay in a haunted bar, not even Murphy, and, least of all, Ryan.

Somebody went to see the priest, with an urgent request for his help in exorcising the ghost. The priest was both tolerant and wise. He said he could not imagine any respectable ghost visiting, much less staying in, Murphy's pub. The only spirits likely to be found there were in bottles on the shelves, where they would do no one any harm if they were left alone.

Such a voice of authority met with general approval, so that

Murphy became the target of everyone's abuse. Only the most besotted of his customers would chance partaking of his doubtful wares.

Ryan's bull also entered into the discussions. Nowadays it stood listless, silent, and terrified in its shed, as though all the spirit had departed from it. A subject that was rapidly remarked on so that no longer were the local cows to pay their yearly visit.

Who wanted to possess calves that might inherit voices that went walkabout? Certainly no one who lived within gossiping distance of Wog Wog.

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Mine host Murphy would gladly have followed his example if the Wog Wog hotel had also been transportable. A hotel with few customers in the bar and rarer ones for the house is not likely to provide profits.

The local bank manager was another who was worried over the affair, for the bank held a large mortgage on the hotel property. In addition to the mortgage, he had lent far too much to the Murphys on overdraft for his mind to rest peacefully at nights.

While these troubles were present in Wog Wog the ghost was engaged in a far happier adventure to such good effect that Jim announced to all who could spare the time that shortly

he would be going to the city to get married. The bank manager when notified was ready to congratulate him on his new venture, although he privately was sorry to think he might be losing such a reliable client who showed so much good sense in regularly banking his savings.

But in the mysterious way that bank managers seem to possess he found a way to bring good out of evil. So it was rumored around the town that the Murphys might be leaving and someone else take over the management of the hotel.

So we leave the residents of Wog Wog and turn to the night I went to bed in the hotel vowing to wipe the dust of Wog Wog off my feet forever. In my dreams I dreamt the travellers' dream of heaven, a heaven whose golden pavements were lined with fabulous hotels. Hotels where service was always given with a smile, where the steaks would be large and juicy, melting in the mouth. A land of clean hotels with shining silver cutlery and clean linen on the beds and tables.

As I dreamed the ghost silently entered the hotel, waved his magic wand, and changed my dreams into reality. I was woken in the morning by a light tapping on my door and a pleasant voice inquiring if I cared for tea or coffee. A glance around assured me I was still in the Wog Wog hotel and no longer dreaming. The pleasant smiling girl who brought me coffee and liberally buttered toast seemed out of place in such a dingy room. I pinched myself and found it hurt so that I must be really awake.

The steak and eggs I ordered for breakfast were cooked as only a cook who has been born

and bred on a farm can cook them and made the previous night seem like a bad dream. The table cutlery and linen were as new and clean as a wedding gift. Already the passages and bar-room had been transformed and smelt of warm soapsuds and a pleasant-smelling disinfectant.

These miracles were evidently the work of the charming young lady who had awoken me and the equally pleasant young man who was busy in the bar receiving the congratulations of the citizens of Wog Wog.

Later in the morning I stood with the rest of the town beneath the signs hanging from the verandah and watched the Murphys depart.

Signs announced "Welcome home to Jim and June" and "Under New Management," but neglected to say whose management.

Which is just as well, as the management of the Wog Wog hotel is a partnership with a silent but not so silent partner who goes wandering no more, but spends his time in the Wog Wog hotel, which everyone agrees is a very pleasant place to spend your time.

And the box contains a very complete record of the cute saying of the Smith twins, who also reside at the hotel. Twins who spoil old Bessy terribly, making her fat on a diet of carrots and sugar lumps. A pigeon-pair of twins who resemble an erstwhile station lad and a city shop assistant who are now the highly popular and respected owners of the hotel.

Today Wog Wog is a thriving business centre and its hotel a popular gathering place for commercial travellers. No longer could anyone describe it as almost a Ghost Town.

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Continuing . . . Letter From Peking

from page 21

not call and his did not answer. I could not see his face, and when I forced the eyes of my mind towards him I saw only the stretching miles of land and the terrible grey sea between us.

To Rennie's room then I went. I opened the door and looked in. The bed was empty, nearly made but empty. All the room was neat, and I was frightened by such order. On any other morning his clothes would have been piled up on the armchair, his shoes scattered, his books open on the table. It was only when he left his room that he made it neat, and never neat as it was now.

I ran across the room to his closet lest it be empty, too. But it was not. Oh, what joy to see his clothes still hanging there! I counted his suits the brown second best, his work clothes, the jackets and slacks. No, his best dark blue suit was gone.

Then I saw the book on his desk, closed but with an envelope in it. It was addressed to me. Mother. Mother? Not Mom—

I sat down to read it because I was too weak to stand. "Dear Mother," Rennie said to me, "I have gone to find Allegra. I had to be alone with her and see for myself why she has changed—if she has. Don't get in touch with me—don't telephone, don't write. See you when I can get home again. Rennie."

For Allegra's parents took her away the day after we talked. Rennie has scarcely spoken to me since. Now there is nothing to do but wait. Blessings on old Baba, who is all I have left! I went back to my room and bathed and dressed and descended to the kitchen and made myself breakfast. How curious my life is—how lonely. Loneliness is what I feel here in my own land. Everyone is lonely, pursuing his lonely way. We do not confide, we do not share. The very size of the land divides us.

I am as far from Kansas and that shack where Baba was lost—for he was really lost as I am from Peking. Nay, farther, for I have my memories to travel upon across the seas. And then I was disturbed by plaintive sounds from upstairs, and I heard Baba's voice. I went upstairs at once. He lay in his bed, the covers drawn tight about his neck, his dark eyes bewildered.

"I can't get up," he murmured.

"Are you in pain, Baba?" I asked.

"No pain," he said indistinctly.

"Lie still," I said. "I will send for the doctor."

So I went to the telephone and dialled and it was early and Bruce Spaulden had not left home.

"Yes?" His voice was crisp. "Bruce, I think Baba has had another stroke."

"I'll be over."

"Shall I do anything?"

"No. Just keep him covered and quiet."

I put up the receiver and went back to Baba and told him that Bruce was coming, and then I made the room tidy. Baba is very clean. He is so old that his flesh has no odor. It is ash clean. He lay there, quiet and good, and watched me, and I saw his face beginning to draw towards the left. He felt it, too, and tried to tell me.

"Never mind," I said. "Bruce will be here soon."

I DO not open Baba's window at night. There is little warmth in his body and he draws his breath lightly. But this morning was glorious and I opened the window and the sunshine flowed in for a few minutes and the air was enlivened. Then I closed the window again.

Now I heard Bruce's footsteps in the hall downstairs and he came upstairs and into the room.

"Good morning, Elizabeth," he said.

It was the first time he had called me by my name and I was startled.

"Good morning," I said. "Here is my poor Baba, waiting."

Baba turned piteous eyes towards the doctor.

Bruce sat down by the bed and made his examination. There is something wonderful in the way a good doctor examines his patient, his mind concentrated, his hands sure in exploration. I stood respectful, admiring Bruce. He is very American. I wonder why he has never married. He would make a good husband for a woman of integrity and sensitivity enough to understand him.

He is lean, as most Vermonters are, tall, and serious when he is grave. It is difficult to remember the color of his eyes—grey, I think, changing towards blue. His hair is brown—an ordinary brown—and straight, and his nose is straight and his mouth is firm. When he smiles his face changes altogether. It is quietly mischievous and almost gay.

He is even-tempered, inclined to silence and meditation.

tion, all good qualities in a husband. I have absorbed a Chinese curiosity into my being, and I wanted to ask him why he was not married. To a Chinese mind anything can be asked, as between friends.

He covered Baba carefully. "Not too serious," he said. "There will be more of these little shocks. Let him rest. He'll sleep a lot. Let him sleep."

Indeed, Baba was already sleeping, breathing softly aloud. We left him there and went downstairs into the living-room.

"Have you had breakfast?" I asked.

"No," Bruce said.

"Nor have I. So let us breakfast together. I'm lonely because Rennie has gone—"

"Gone?"

"For only a few days, I hope, but I don't know."

And I told him about Allegra. Bruce smiled rather grimly. "He'll be back. We always come back to our mothers. Unless the girl is like you, so you aren't needed!"

"I am sure Allegra is not like me," I said.

I was busy getting the breakfast on the table. Eggs for him, two to my one, and the hens are laying well and I am glad of that. I dislike hens, but I like fresh eggs, and one cannot be had without the other. Coffee and toast and fruit—I would have my usual good breakfast. Let Rennie do what he would.

When we were sitting at the table—I at the end, since it is my table, and Bruce at the side—I asked my question.

"Because I am so happily married, Bruce, I ask why you have never married."

"Too busy," he said, buttering toast.

"It's not my business—but—"

"Go on," he said. "I lead a simple life. No secrets."

"Wouldn't a wife actually save you time?"

"No. I'd have to think about her—be a companion."

"Are you happy as you are?"

"I don't know. I suppose so. I haven't asked myself."

I poured his second cup of coffee. What he did not wish to tell he would not tell, however I asked. That is a Vermonter, too.

When he was gone, suddenly and to my own surprise, I gave myself over to weeping for Gerald and for him only. It has been months since I wept and, even as I was weeping, I knew it was useless. The doors of the house in Peking are shut against me.

I crept upstairs to look at Baba and found him deeply

To page 58

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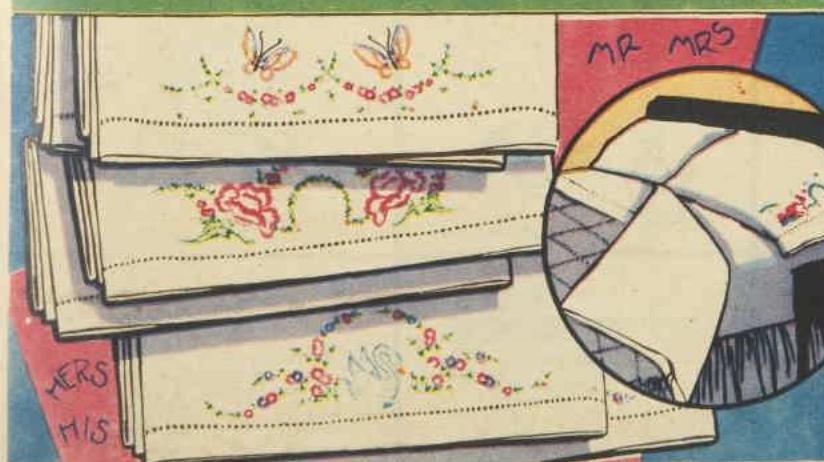
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 30, 1957



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asleep. Even he does not need me now.

This morning, coming home from my Saturday shopping, a small business now that I am alone, for Baba has returned to the food of childhood and seldom eats more than milk and bread or rice and a little fruit, I was charmed by the sight of a black mother ewe and her twin white lambs, cropping green grass in a roadside pasture. The sight gave me a small inexplicable pleasure and I stopped the car and got out merely to watch the mother and her children.

The sunlight was bright and mild, Vermont sunshine, never hot as the Chinese sun was hot. The spot was lonely and I sat down on a round grey rock. At this the mother ewe was gently alarmed and bleated softly. Immediately the baby lambs came to her side and stood trembling on their slender legs and peered at me.

"Don't be afraid of me—"

Now I am really too lonely, for the words come out of my mouth aloud. And I am too lonely, for the next thought was that I would like to own the black ewe and her white lambs and have them live with me. They can crop the short grass on the hillside about my house and keep the semblance of a lawn.

Upon decision I went to find the farmer who owns the ewe, and after some search I found not a farmer but one of the wry individuals who cling to the soil of Vermont, a man who farms a little and tinkers somewhat more at whatever job comes his way. He waits in poverty until the job comes and when it is offered he may not even put forth his hand to grasp it.

This man was of that breed. He was pottering at mending an unpainted kitchen table when I came from behind his small frame house, neatly painted white with green shutters. He was bending over his work and he straightened when he saw me.

"Well?" he inquired.

"I'd like to know if your black ewe and white lambs are

for sale," I said, also without greeting.

"Might be," he said.

"How much will you take for them?" I asked.

I do not doubt that he knows who I am, the widow woman from over the mountain, or as good as widow, since her husband is in China. But he made no sign of knowledge.

"Don't know as I want to sell," he said, and measured

syrup, but I yielded, since, being a Vermonter, he would not, and now the ewe and the lambs are cropping the grass on my hillside. The ewe did not settle down at once, and I have the rope around her neck and the other end tied to the apple tree, but she is less alarmed than she was, and in a few days I can throw the



ELISABETH MACINTYRE
"Oh, don't tidy up because of me—I'm used to a house looking like a pig-sty!"

his ruler against a strip of wood.

"I don't know that I want to buy," I said. "Yet maybe I might, to keep the grass down around the house."

"I'll think it over," he said.
"Do," I said, "I'll be at home this afternoon."

He did not come that afternoon, of course, since I had designated it, but he did come this morning, two days later, leading the ewe and the lambs on a dirty rope.

"Ten dollars in cash and the rest in maple syrup," he announced.

We argued for a half hour or so over the quantity of

rope away. And it is quite true that she, with the lambs, do provide me with a comfort I cannot fathom. It is a small comfort, but deep, a mother tie to this earth.

I own something more, something alive. I shall have to attach myself by all these small cords lest I be rootless, now that the tap root is gone. No, it is not gone, but it is not here. It is buried far away in my life with Gerald and our love. I have somehow to plant again with this soil. Can this be done when I am alone? I have no word from Rennie.

"I am not religious," I once told Gerald.

This was when he said one doubting evening, "But will you be satisfied with the Chinese gods?"

"Are you?" I asked.

"I have learned to live in two ways," he replied. "There are days when I believe in no gods. There are other days when I believe in all gods."

"Of the two, I shall probably learn to believe in all gods," I said.

A woman in love loses herself and I lost myself. I longed to believe what Gerald believed, to worship as he worshipped. When I found that he worshipped not at all, his belief a matter of mind and will and not the deep involuntary movement of the soul, I did not discuss further the matter of gods.

Sometimes wandering the Chinese country roads outside our city, we came upon a peasant standing in quiet reverence before a small wayside shrine. Inside the shrine two gods sat, male and female, a married pair, for so the peasants conceive their gods to be. They cannot imagine a solitary god, male without female. That, they believe, would be against the law of life. So before the divine pair the peasant stood to light a stick of incense and speak in his heart a wish. It was a wish simple and good. I said to Gerald, "Would that we could pray in this fashion and believe!"

"It is not that we cannot believe," he replied. "It is that we do not want anything enough. Faith rises from necessity. We have no necessity."

This is true. For out of my necessity now, I find that I must pray. Out of my intense anxiety for my son I have gone each night to his room, and standing in the dreadful empty silence I pray for him. How far the prayer rises I cannot guess. Whether there is a listening ear I do not know. But at least the prayer crowding my heart to agony is released and I am relieved. I

To page 60

Continuing . . . Letter From Peking

from page 57

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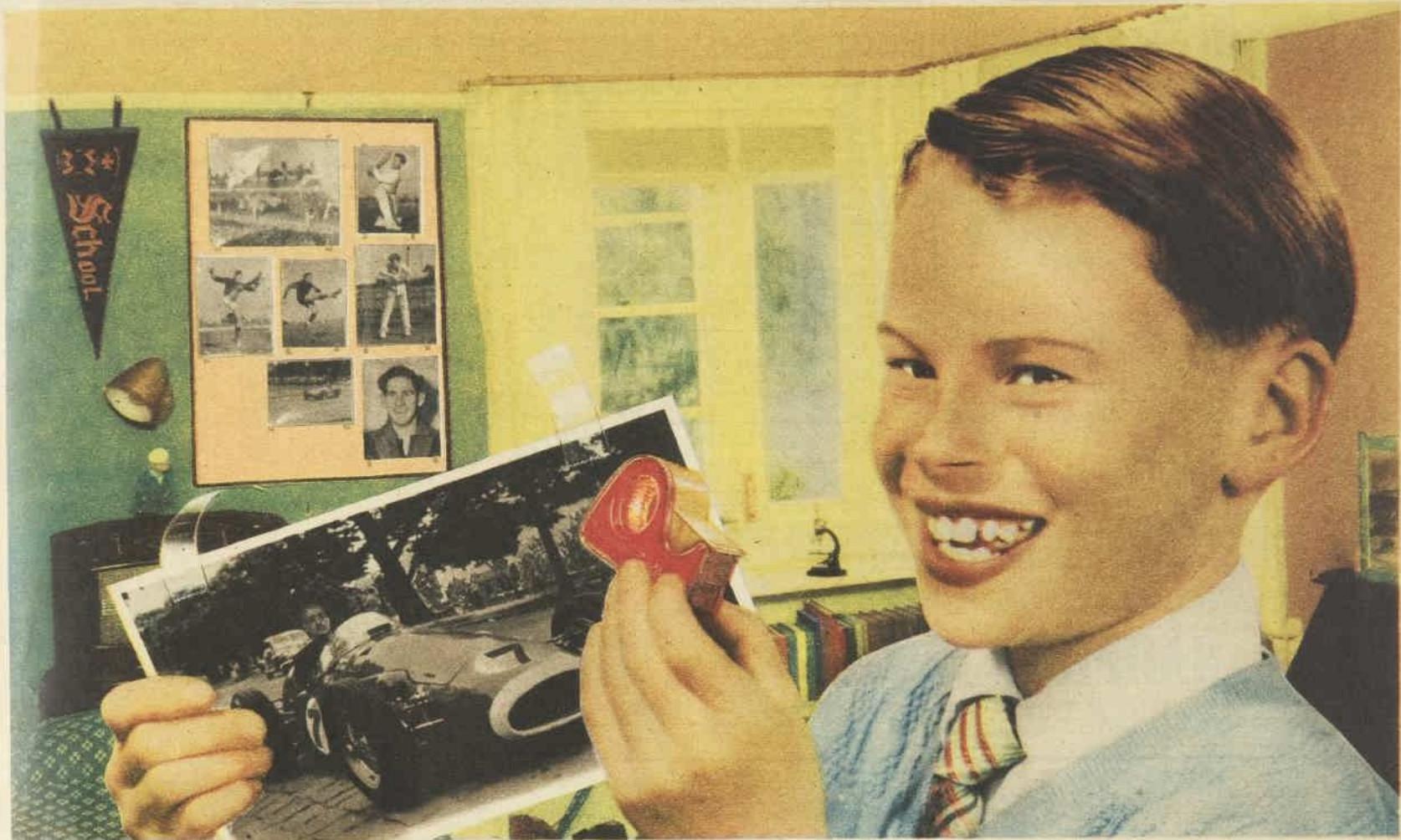
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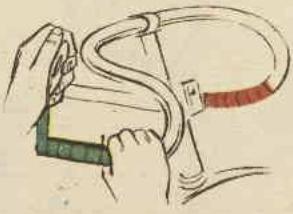
REGD. TRADE MARK

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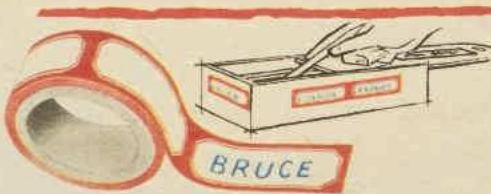


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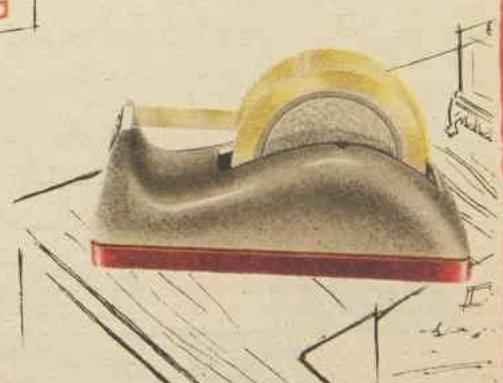
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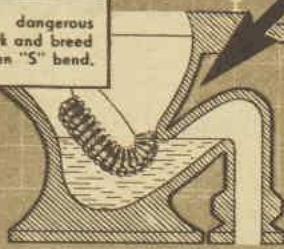


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believe, out of my necessity, that some of the burden is lifted.

Thus far I have resisted the possibility of lifting the receiver of the telephone and calling Allegra's home. It would be easy to ask, "Is Rennie there?" and then, "May I speak to him?" But I will not. It is not only that he would not forgive me. It is also that I must learn to live alone.

At this moment I heard Baba calling. I went to him and found him on the floor. He had slipped to the floor in getting out of bed and he lay there pleasantly helpless, wondering how he got there. He lives from moment to moment, not concerned beyond his present need. He had waked, he had decided to get up, and then he fell. I helped him to his feet, and he waved me away. Uncertain as he is in every movement, he will not let me stay near him while he washes himself and puts on his garments. Only when he has the Chinese robe about him does he call upon me to fasten the buttons at his collar.

So I waited outside his door, and when he called I went in again and buttoned his collar and he declared himself ready for his noonday breakfast. He is happy, he is serene, he has no fears, no anxieties, no need to worship or to pray. A small damage to his brain, the explosion of a minute blood vessel, Bruce tells me, has relieved him of every care. Who says the gods are not kind?

Rennie has come home. When I had ceased to rebel, when my heart grew quiet, and when I was resigned and I no longer prayed, then the divine perversity of the universe granted me a favor. He came last night, late. I was asleep but I wake at the slightest sound in the house. I heard a door open, the kitchen door. I had locked it as usual, since I am alone, and no one except Rennie has a key. So I knew it was he. The next sound then would be the refrigerator, opened and shut . . . Yes, that

Continuing . . . Letter From Peking

from page 58

slowly by and I imagined hours until I looked at the bedside clock. Only an hour and ten minutes had passed. Then I heard the door handle turn softly. I lay motionless and did not light the lamp. When I saw him standing there in the doorway, wrapped in his old red wool bathrobe. I spoke as easily as if he had never been away.

"Is that you, Rennie?"

Though who else could it be? But in such foolish words great moments are encompassed. And he answered as easily.

"How are you, Mother?"

"I am well. Did you just get back?"

"I had something to eat downstairs."

He came towards the bed and sat down on the edge of it, and we gazed at each other in the moonlight.

"Shall I put on the light?" I asked.

"No," he said. "Let's just sit like this. Unless you want to sleep. Did I wake you?"

"Perhaps you did," I said, pretending to be sleepy. "It doesn't matter. I don't get up as early as I used to. Mati milks the cows."

"Is everything all right?" he asked.

I strove for indifference. "I've bought a black ewe and twin white lambs so that I need not cut the grass."

"I saw them in the moonlight."

Then it seemed we had nothing more to say. I would not let a question escape from the prison of my heart. Whatever he wished to tell me I must accept as answer. But nothing prepared me for what he said next.

"You haven't asked me where I have been, Mother."

"You might have written me," I said.

"I couldn't," he said. "And it doesn't matter where I've been . . . Mother, why did

The days of childhood communion were over.

I did not move, I did not stir. I did not set foot upon the floor. In my bed I lay, the faint moonlight streaming across the counterpane, and I listened. He ate at the kitchen table. I heard the clink of a dish and the scrape of a chair. He ate well, for it was a full half hour, perhaps more, before I heard the door to the stair open, the little winding back stair that goes only to his room.

I heard the sound of water

he was? Yet I would not go to see. Though he lay there in his bed, only a room beyond mine, he was as far from me as at this moment, or nearly, as was Gerald in Peking. A wall was between my son and me.

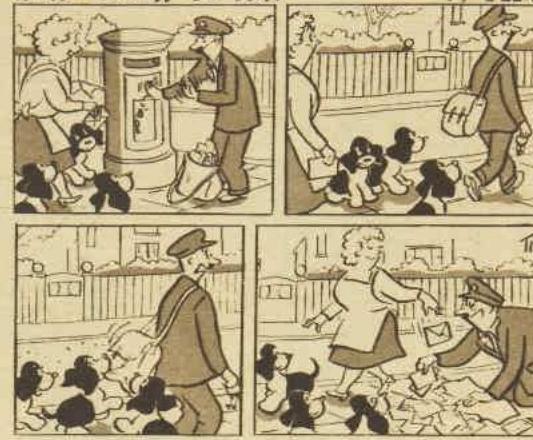
He had become a man, and I knew it. I must wait for him to tell me what he wanted to be to me. Perhaps he does not need a mother, perhaps he wants only a friend, an older woman friend, one who merely happened once to be his mother.

I waited, the hour creeping

To page 61

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



IT WAS LOVE
AT FIRST
FLIGHT

ANA

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really the most pleasant trip
I've ever had. At the last moment
Mother decided to come with us.
She always said we would never
get her in the air but you can't
keep her on the ground now.
We naturally booked our seats
on the D.C.6. Mother spent
all her time in the tail lounge
watching the countryside
passing underneath, except
for mealtime, and I haven't
had enjoy a meal so



you let me be born? I asked you before."

"You didn't wait for my answer," I reminded him.

"I will wait now," he said. He is the one to ask the questions, not I. I can only answer as honestly as possible.

"Your father and I love each other with all our hearts, and when there is such love between two young and healthy human beings, one a man, the other a woman, a child is their hope."

"You might have thought what it would mean to me."

"Oh, what a bitter cry this was!"

"It is only fair to your father to tell you that he thought of it, and that I denied the need. I said that our child would be so strong, so beautiful, so self-sufficient that he could meet any situation and be the conqueror."

His eyes were as black as dead coals set in the pale cream face.

"When I was in China," he said, "they called me a foreigner. I did not care then, for I thought I had a country—another country. I thought it was America."

"People have been kind to you here," I said, my tongue and lips as dry as pitch.

"It is not kindness I want—it is love."

"You have much love," I said. "Your father loves you and I love you. And love will come to you from others, some day from a woman."

"Allegra is not allowed to love me," he said. "Her parents forbid it."

"Can she not be disobedient?" I inquired. "My mother forbade me to love your father, too, but I disobeyed. And I have never been sorry."

No, I am not sorry, though Gerald's last letter lies upstairs in my locked box, a thing alive with sorrow. I know he will never write me again.

"Not all women are strong," Rennie said, and he looked at me with something like distaste. "And because a woman is not strong," he went on, "it does not mean that her love is the less valuable."

"What is Allegra afraid of?" I tried to hide my scorn.

Continuing Letter From Peking

from page 60

"She is not afraid of me," he said. "She is afraid of what I carry in my veins, the genes, the ancestry, the irremovable part of me, that which I cannot change."

"You mean the Chinese part of you," I said.

He nodded, and he knotted his hands together. His hands are all American, not smooth and pale as Gerald's are, but hard and strong at the knuckles.

"I thought so," I said, "the very part of you that I love most and am most proud of because I love your father, you wish you did not have. Shame on you, Rennie!"

"You don't understand," he cried. "You are American, your ancestry is pure—"

"Oh, pure," I cried back at him, "the rebels of half a dozen nations in Europe, the renegade young son of an English lord and an Irish girl, a crafty Dutch merchant who cheated the Indians out of their land, a strain of German—"

"None of that matters," he said stubbornly. "You are all white."

I yielded. It was not the moment for argument.

"Say what you please," I said.

"I am going to Kansas," he went on. "I'll work on Sam's ranch this summer, and go to college in the autumn. Sam will get me a scholarship."

No "if you please," no "if you don't mind, Mother," no "unless you need my help here at home." But I am proud, too, and I do not ask my son's help.

"I wonder that you came home to tell me," I said.

"So that you know," he said, his jaw as hard as iron.

There was my fate laid out before me, and I must take it with both hands and without complaint.

"When will you go?" I asked.

"I suppose I ought to stop long enough to see Baba," he replied.

"A little longer," I protested.

Perhaps it is time for me to tell him of Baba's wife, his grandmother. Some of this rebel blood of his comes from her. She suffered, too, because she was not loved. Perhaps she can help him now as I cannot.

"Stay a day, at least, Rennie. There are things I want to say to you before you go—things I have never told you."

He looked at me quickly with those dark, dark eyes.

"All right," he said, "if that's the way you want it—"

Where will I find a home for my son? Where can he find the country to be his own?

When Baba woke the next morning we went upstairs. There he was, lying upon his pillows exactly as he had gone to sleep, his white hair scarcely ruffled, his dark eyes vague

and only half open. I spoke to him.

"Baba, good morning. See who has come to you."

He opened his eyes and stared at us. "Who is that?"

"You know."

"Is it Gerald?"

"No—no—no. It is Rennie."

He did not know Rennie. He has forgotten his own grandson. He moved his lips. "Should I know him?" he inquired at last.

"Yes, you should," I said.

"He is Gerald's son — and mine."

"Gerald's son," he mused. "Had Gerald a son?"

I turned to implore. "Rennie, forgive him. He is so old. He has forgotten everything."

Oh, what a look of sadness was on the young face!

"It doesn't matter," Rennie said. "Nothing matters."

"Go to sleep again, Baba," I said. "I will come back

soon." So we tiptoed out again, and I knew that I had lost. Baba, in innocence, has deserted me and mine. He has withdrawn from us into the distances of old age.

Then I was frantic to reclaim my son. "Rennie, come into my room now. I have pictures to show you. I must show them to you before you go."

He followed me quietly, and in my room he sat down as formally as a guest and waited. And I took out my box of pictures and found the one of Gerald's mother.

"This is the Chinese lady Baba married," I told him. "This is your grandmother, your father's mother. She is quite beautiful, in her own dignified way. She is someone to be proud of, the daughter of an ancient family rooted in Peking. You remember your great uncle, Han Yu-ren, surely."

Rennie took the picture and gazed at the calm Chinese face. "Why did Baba marry her?"

"He wanted to—to become part of the country to which he had dedicated his life. He thought he could get near to the people he loved. He wanted to—to cease to be foreign."

"Now he has forgotten everything," Rennie said. "He does not know even me. I suppose he never loved her."

"Why do you say so? You don't know."

"If he loved her he would have remembered me."

I could not deny it. However old I grow, whatever the change in body and mind, while I draw breath I shall not forget Gerald, nor Gerald's son.

"Baba did what he thought was right," I said.

"It is not enough," Rennie said.

And he gave me back the picture. Now he got to his feet and leaned down from his height and kissed my cheek.

"Goodbye, Mother," he said. He went away immediately. I heard his old car whirl down the road in a cloud of summer dust. This time he may never come back. I do not know.

What I remember is that he spoke again as his father taught him, his English classic and pure. The slang, the American boy talk, he had wiped from tongue and lips. What this means also I do not know.

I cannot go away. I cannot follow Rennie even if I would, for here is Baba, who has no one but me. I am held on this quiet farm, remote from everyone except Matt and his wife, and they have lived so long together in the valley that they know only the language of a hate-filled love. They quarrel and enjoy themselves in eternal combat. Seven children they have had together, and each of them the fruit of a quarrel. They have needed no other companionship, no other excitement, I do believe. Matt is insanely jealous, and Mrs. Matt is proud of his jealousy, boasting of its oppression.

"If Matt so much as sees a man's hat in the house he takes fits," so she boasts. "Oh, I pay for it, I do," she said.

To page 63

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clares, and her little, round, wrinkled face glows with pleasure.

She said that this morning when, in a stupor of loneliness, I crossed the dusty road to praise her flowerbeds. Before I could reply, as I always do, that she is lucky Matt still cares enough about her to be jealous, the postman passed and I cried goodbye and ran after him.

There, in the shade of the big maple at the gate, he paused and handed me a few letters, none of any importance except a thin grey envelope. It was sent from Singapore—I knew the stamp—but the handwriting was strange.

"Your husband?" the postman asked.

"No," I said, and then was afraid of what might be written within, and so I left him and went to the rock beside the spring, and sat there in the shade of a leaning apple tree and tore open the envelope.

"Dear Elder Sister," the letter began.

It was from her.

All these months I have not answered Gerald's letter. He asked my permission and I have not given it. Underneath all that I do has been the knowledge of this delay, a secret as hidden as a sin. Now I cannot hide it any longer.

She writes in English, but not well. She is trying to convey something to me. She wants me to understand that she will not enter my house to take my place until I give permission.

"You have lived in Peking very long," she writes. "I think you understand something very much about us Chinese people. Here now it is hard for living, nevertheless. It is also hard for MacLeod, your husband, and he is wishing so much for some woman to take of house

Continuing . . . Letter From Peking

[from page 61]

and mending and cooking, and so forth. At my former request, he wrote to you asking your agreement to my coming to his house as wife-in-absence.

"You know this is quite common, no more second wife or concubine, as before, which is too old-fashioned, but wife-in-absence.

"Of course if you come back some other time, I will go away if you wish. To you I have respect as younger to elder. Please permit me, and tell me how everything should be in caring for our husband. I wish to do what you tell me and make him so happy. This is my duty. But first your permission, please, to save his life. I send this letter to a secret friend in Singapore and please return to same."

"Your humble younger sister,
Mei-lan."

THE address in Singapore is to a silk shop. Someone there, I suppose, is her secret friend, someone in touch with this strange new China, by which I am rejected. I wish I had the courage to write boldly to Gerald. But what would I write? Shall I give my permission for another woman to take my place? And can she take my place? Surely no American woman has ever been in like predicament.

This rocky farm of mine, in this distant State of Vermont, is as far from Gerald now as though he did not exist. Perhaps it is I who no longer exist. Why indeed should I exist who am no longer needed—or loved? Or am I loved? I cannot answer this letter today. I am voiceless, I cannot think. I do not know what to say, until I am in communion with him again.

I come to my room. I take his letter from my locked box and though I have sworn that I will not look at it again, I do so. I set it down here. I copy every word, and so make his words my own. I shall never forget them now. This is the letter from Peking, Gerald's last letter.

"My dear wife:

"First before I say what must be said, let me tell you that I love only you. Whatever I do now, remember that it is you I love. If you never receive a letter from me again, know that in my heart I write you every day. I say this because of what I must next tell you. It is imperative for me to take into my home a Chinese woman. It is not only that I need someone to look after the house, to wash my clothes, mend and so on. You know very well how helpless I am in all these matters where you have been so useful to me. But it is necessary now for me to prove myself.

"It is not enough, it seems, for me to swear loyalty to those in present power. I must forswear all my past, I must curse my non-Chinese blood and declare against the foreign part of myself. I have been ordered to choose another woman. I tell you because you and I have always been honest, one with the other. If I were to be less than honest with you now, it would mean that I had indeed forgotten our life together. I shall never forget and so I tell you.

"I cannot write again. It would be too dangerous for me and too dangerous even for our son. You think him safe in your country, but he is not safe anywhere unless I repudiate

him and you. If you hear I have done so publicly, do not believe I have done so in reality. I wish to stay alive, if possible, until these days are past. If I meet death in spite of all my efforts to avoid it, remember that my only thought is of you, my Eve.

Gerald."

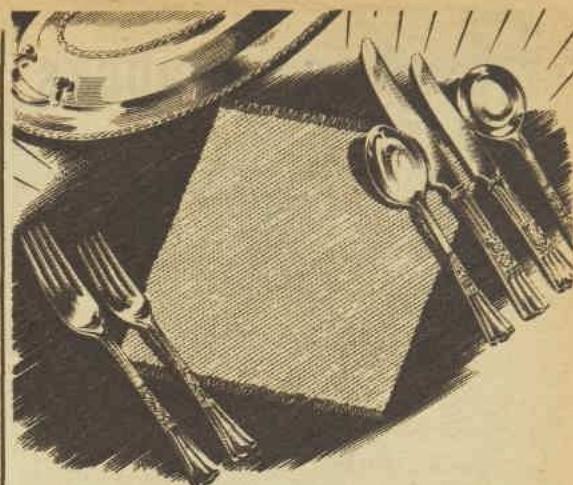
I must of course give permission. I do not know why I have delayed all these months to do what I know had to be done. Now that this letter has come from the woman, and I know that she has not gone to him, I see that I must give permission at once. Perhaps I shall cable. No, that would be too startling. To receive a cable from America might make trouble for a Chinese even in a British colony. I will write and send the letter airmail. So I write.

I copy my letter here that I may always know what I said. If ever Gerald and I meet again, here is the record. For I am really writing for Gerald. Yes, dear and beloved, I am writing this for you. If you cannot come to me nor I to you, then it may be possible nevertheless some day to send you the record. I wish I had said to you on that last day that you too must keep the record. Ah no, it would not be safe there, where you are. The servants may be paid by others than you.

Here in this quiet Vermont valley there are no spies. I think there are no spies. I write my letter to Mei-lan. And now it occurs to me that she did not sign her family name. Mei-lan is a common name, impossible to trace. But her name does not matter.

"Dear Younger Sister:
"Your letter has come to my

To page 64



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Page 63

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Note: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 62. Fashion Frock may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication.

hand. I have read it. I give my permission. You may not take my place, for each woman has her own place in a man's life, but you may enter my house and make your own place there. I shall tell no one here in my country, for none would understand. It is true, as you say, that I understand. Nevertheless, my heart breaks. Care for him well, for I love him.

"Elizabeth."

I stamped the envelope myself and took it to the post office and slipped it into the box under the window. But Miss Myra saw it. She is our postmistress, a plump, friendly woman, and, being unmarried, consumed with curiosity about marriage, and especially about mine.

"Letter to your husband?" she inquired gaily. She has pink round cheeks withered in many fine lines and a tight little pink mouth and two round blue eyes without eyebrows. Her hair is frizzed and yellow.

"No, not to my husband," I said.

She took the letter from the box and studied it. "A foreign address. China, ain't it?"

"No, Singapore, a British colony."

"I thought they hadn't any colonies now."

"They returned India to the Indians, but they still hold Hongkong and Singapore."

"Do they now?"

She looked unbelieving, but I said no more. I had done what I must and I went home. Baba was not yet out of bed, his day beginning at noon and ending at twilight. He seemed drowsy, vague, uncomprehending, and I did not, as sometimes I do, endeavor to rouse him. But when he was dressed and sitting in his armchair, for he no longer comes downstairs, when he had eaten his bowl of oatmeal and drunk a cup of tea, he suddenly seemed awake and knowing.

"Did someone come here yesterday?" he inquired.

"Yes, Baba. It was Rennie." He mused. "Rennie—who is Rennie?"

"Your grandson, Baba." He reflected upon this information without speaking. A

Continuing . . . Letter From Peking

from page 63

your friend. Now he is Renne's friend."

He remembered none of it, but at least he forgot to weep. I pushed his chair to the window where he likes to sit, and he gazed peacefully out upon the rising hills and the valleys. He likes the sheep, and he leaned forward now and again to see where they were cropping the grass.

"I shall be back soon," I said, and went away to do my day's work . . .

Tonight when Baba was in bed and ready for sleep he suddenly remembered very much about Sam Blaine. I had all but closed the door—I had said goodnight—when Baba spoke.

"About Sam Blaine—"

"Yes?" "Sam Blaine is forty-two years old. He has never married. His father owned two thousand acres of good black earth. He was a cattle man, and he owned two mines in Nevada, too. His wife died when the child was only two years old. Sam was his only child."

"Baba," I cried, "how well you remember!" So I came back into the room and sat down, and Baba said he had been taken from the train, ill and feverish, and told to wait in the railroad station, and Sam Blaine had come to fetch some freight. Instead he took Baba home with him and put him to bed.

"I had typhoid fever," Baba said. "I was very ill. Sam stayed with me in the hut."

And bit by bit he told me the story. When he woke in the night, not knowing where he was, Sam sat by the bed and talked about China. He spoke of Chinese villages and country roads and how the nightingales sing in the twilight of summer days. He was there during the war, but he did not speak of war or death. Instead he spoke to Baba of peaceful scenes, of families sitting in the doorways of their

To page 66

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 30, 1957

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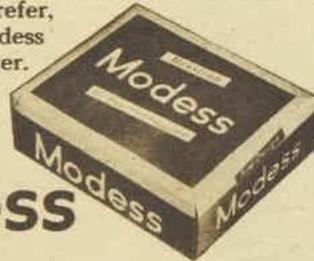
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Continuing . . . Letter From Peking

from page 64

homes at evening, of men tilling the fields, of women at the pond washing the clothes.

When he repeated these things to me Baba was suddenly bewildered. He looked at me with troubled eyes, his face that of a tired old child.

"Where is that land where we once lived?" he asked.

"It is where it always was," I said. "It is across the sea. And Gerald is there."

He was puzzled. "Then why are we here?"

Why, indeed? My heart broke and I leaned my head on his bony old breast.

"Now it is you who are weeping," he said, and he lay patient and still, waiting for me to lift up my head from his breast. There was no warmth in him, only a final patience, and my tears dried and I lifted my head.

"It is time for you to sleep," I told him.

"And will you sleep?" he asked.

"Sooner or later I, too, will sleep," I promised, and I drew the blanket about his shoulders and went away.

. . . Oh, the awful silence of the valley at night! No one comes near me and I am as alone as though I lived solitary upon a planet. Here and there in the distance a light burns. It means a house, a home, two people, perhaps children. The oil lamp burns yellow in Matt's house, and far down at the end of the valley the bright single light is the naked electric bulb that never goes out above the office door of Bruce Spaulden. I know, too, the intermittent flares of summer folk. None of them burns for me. Sometimes I light every lamp in my empty house, and a stranger passing by could believe the house is full of guests. But I have no guests.

TONIGHT, when loneliness became intolerable, I went upstairs and took down the box of all his letters and I laid them out upon my desk in order of time. There are not many—only twelve in all, not including the final one. The first one was written soon after we left him in Shanghai. I wonder now if it was right to leave him. Yet he bade me go. I think he was not yet afraid. Indeed, he was even cheerful, believing that nothing could be worse than the years of war through which we had already passed. He was hopeful about the new government. Those builders of the new order spoke well. We had no presentiments, in spite of old Mr. Pilowski, the White Russian who managed the hotel where we stayed.

"Not to be trusted," Mr. Pilowski declared, and brushed up his stiff moustaches. Black they were, but dyed, of course. Mr. Pilowski must have been well over seventy. "Never are revolutionaries to be trusted—no, not in the world. So they came into my Russia, promising all and seizing everything. So did they in France before, killing the kings and queens and themselves behaving worsely."

Gerald argued with him. "We can scarcely go on as we are, Mr. Pilowski. The people are wretched after the war. Inflation is crushing. Nothing is being done."

"Some day, you will know that nothing being done is better than wickedness being done," Mr. Pilowski declared. He grew red and angry and Gerald smiled, refusing further argument, but still believing himself right. It is the arrogance of the Chinese, and I must never forget that Gerald is half Chinese, to believe they

are different from all other peoples, more reasonable, more sane, than other peoples are. In some ways it is true.

Gerald's first letter is almost gay. "Everything goes well," he writes. "I am beginning to think you should have stayed in China. Rennie could have taken his college work here in Peking. I do not know why we were so easily frightened. I believe that a new day is coming in this old, old country of mine."

Not "our" old, old country, but "mine." I see now the first hint of separation from me. He was already choosing his country, alone, if need be.

The hopefulness continues through to the fifth letter. Then I see the first hint of doubt.

"My Eve," he writes me, "perhaps it is better that you are away for a year or so. In order to succeed the new government must clear away all obstacles. Do you remember Liu-chin, the silk merchant? It seems he is a traitor. He is so mild, so gentle—do you remember? Today he was shot at the Marco Polo Bridge with eleven others, two of them women. It is inevitable that some do not like the new order. But the new order is here. We must live with it and through it."

"The Minister of Education unfortunately is not a man of wide education. I am having to replace—" He scratches that out. It appears that already it is not safe to be frank. Thereafter Gerald writes no more of anything of importance. He tells me when the yellow Shantung rose in the east court blooms.

"Dear Eve, the rose is late this year. We have had bitter dust-storms, the most severe I have ever known. The goldfish are dying in the pool, although I have tried to keep the water fresh. The gardener went home to his parents in Shansi a month ago. I have had difficulty in finding another. People do not want to work—" The words are scratched out again. It is not to be believed. People do not want work? Why not? Gerald does not say he has had my letters. I wrote every day and mailed the letters once a week.

The eighth letter is very short. "Dear Wife: Today is like any day now in my life. I have made the schedule, and am engaging the professors for next semester. The new dean is a clever young man with many ideas. The dean of women is a former student of mine. She was ambitious even in youth. Tell Rennie to study engineering. It will be better for him than teaching. Tonight is hot and still. I face a long, lonely summer."

The ninth letter is listless. Commencement is over and he is tired. I know the mood. We used to take a journey, make a holiday, go perhaps to the sea at Peitaiho, or travel to the Diamond Mountains in Korea. One year we went to Tai Shan and lived in a Buddhist temple for a month. I wonder if Rennie remembers. The old abbe befriended him, and taught him how to play cat's cradle with a strip of silk.

Three months passed before the tenth letter reached me, and it is an empty letter. I wept when I read it and it makes me weep now. For I see that my beloved has resigned himself to that which he does not understand. "I wonder if I chose wisely in not going with you and our son to America. It is too late now. In case I never

To page 67

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ice you—" Here he scratches words again.

The eleventh letter is all but final. "Dearly Loved, it is better for us not to plan the day of meeting. It is better to live life as we find it, you on your side of the world, I on mine. Let Rennie become an American citizen. Help him to find a country of his own. If he forgets me, let it be so."

It is easy to see the story now. He is a prisoner. The city he chose has become his cell. He is no longer free. And I am not free because I love him. As long as he lives I shall not be free . . . Let me be glad that at least a woman is at his side. Though she be not I, he has someone with him. So why do I weep?

And I continue to weep.

This morning Baba frightened me by a fainting fit. He got up as usual and ate his slight breakfast, now only orange juice, a spoonful of porridge and hot milk. Then, in the midst of thanking me as he

Continuing . . . Letter From Peking

from page 66

is careful to do, he crumpled in his chair.

I sent Matt in a hurry for Bruce Spaulden, and lucky it was that Matt was nearby, trimming the hemlock hedge. Meanwhile I stood beside Baba's chair, not daring to move him, and frightened lest Bruce be already started on his rounds and therefore inaccessible.

Lucky again: he was not. He came running up the gravel walk from the gate, hatless and without his coat, his bag swinging from his hand. The door was open and he entered, and leaped upstairs and into the room, his thin Vermont face without a smile, and his eyes seeing nothing but his patient. I knew better than to speak if I were not spoken to, and I stood silent, waiting his command.

"Pull up his sleeve."

I pulled up Baba's sleeve. Into the slack old flesh of his upper arm Bruce drove the needle

quickly and with skill. Then he lifted Baba in his arms and laid him on his bed.

"Cover him and keep him warm," he told me. "There is nothing I can do. He will pull out of it, likely, but one of these days he won't. You aren't to be scared. Even if I were sitting right beside him when it happens I couldn't do anything. I'd give him a shot, of course, as I did today, but it'd be no more than a gesture."

"I'll stay by him until he wakes," I said.

"Not necessary," Bruce said. "Go about your business. Come in every now and then and see how he is."

He was packing his bag while I covered Baba and tucked the quilt about him. The morning was warm for our mountains, but Baba's flesh was cool as the flesh of one newly dead. Yet he breathed.

I looked up to see Bruce watching me.

"Come downstairs," he said. I followed him down. I thought he was going to the door, but no, he sat down in the hall on the ladderback chair near the big clock.

"This is no time to ask," he said in his abrupt way. "But I don't know as one time is better than another when a man has something on his mind . . . Elizabeth, will you marry me?"

He was not joking. For a second I thought he was, but his dark, intense eyes told me better.

"I am married already," I said. "My husband is not dead."

"I didn't know," he muttered. "He never shows up."

"He can't," I said. "He's in Peking, China."

"Might as well be dead," he muttered.

I said, "For me he lives."

Bruce got up and snatched his bag from the floor where he had set it down, and made for the door. There he paused, and turned to look at me. I was at the foot of the stairs, holding to the newel post.

"All the same, Elizabeth," he said, his eyes black under his black brows. "Things being what they are in this uncertain world, and in a most uncertain age, my offer holds."

"I wish you hadn't made it," I said. "Now I'll think of it every time I see you."

"Which is exactly as I wish it," he said.

He grinned suddenly, and I looked into a different face, a face almost gay in a sober sort of way. Then he was gone. And I stood there with an odd sort of feeling—not love, not that at all, only a strange, pleasant sort of female warmth. For the second time in my life a man had proposed to me.

To be honest, I suppose I ought to say that it is the first time, for when Gerald asked me to marry him he was so hesitant, so doubtful, so fearful lest he was not being fair to me, he an anonymous sort of human being, as he said, whose origins were double and from both sides of the world and so belonging nowhere in particular that it was I who coaxed it out of him.

I have nothing whatever to do with this proposal that has just been given to me now. I have never suspected the possibility that Bruce could love any woman, much less me. He loves children, that I know, and only with children have I seen that changeless exterior of his break into something like tenderness. He is almost totally silent. I can live alone, I am learning to live alone. But I am not sure that I could live with a silent man.

Stupefied, I left the door

open and went back to Baba. He was still unconscious.

Today the postman brought me a letter bearing the stamp of the People's Republic of China.

"It must be from your husband," he said, and handed me the letter as proudly as though he had fetched it himself from across the westward sea.

"Thank you," I said, and did not tell him that I knew the moment that I looked at the handwriting that it was not from Gerald. It was from —what shall I call her? For I am Gerald's wife and I cannot use the word concubine. Yet I suppose that is what she is.

I suppose the Chinese on our street in Peking call her his Chinese wife and me his American wife. But the dagger peircing me is this question—if she can write, why cannot he? Is there some loyalty, or fear, that prevents him? Is the loyalty to me, that, knowing how we have loved, he cannot bring himself to acknowledge that he deserves our love?

I opened the letter and there was the simple handwriting. "Dear Elder Sister:

"Your letter has come. I thank you for such answer. Now it is my duty to tell you of our husband. I am not sure that this letter will ever come before your eyes, but I do my duty. I send it in the secret way. If it is found by the wrong person, then you will never see it. But I try. Now I tell you our husband is well but he is sad. He does not talk to me. He goes every day to his office, and at night he comes home.

"The house is as you left it. I do not change anything. Only I cannot keep it so clean. Sometimes he complains because it is not so clean. I tell him I cannot do all as well as you do. But I cook what he likes to eat. He does not mention your name, but he keeps you in his mind as secret joy. In the night when the moon shines he walks into the courts and stares at the moon. Is it the same moon in your country? I have heard it is the same moon. To the moon then he gives his thinking of you.

"As to his health, it is good except that he does not sleep much. We have no children. He told me he does not want a child. I said, what of me? He said, it is better for you not to have my child because the blood is mixed. But I hope for a child. I go to temple and pray before the Goddess of Childbirth. I go in secret because they tell us not to believe in gods now. Please take care of yourself. If you were here the house would not be lonely as now. We could be friends.

Your younger sister." She does not sign her name this time, for safety. And the envelope was not mailed in Singapore but in Hongkong. I feel strangely better for the letter. It is sweet and simple and I am surprised that I am not jealous. When the moon rises over these mountains in Vermont I shall go out and stand in its light, knowing that a few hours before he has so stood. Thank you, my younger sister.

I live this strange inner life. No one in the valley could possibly understand it even if I could speak of it. And I cannot speak.

But now I do most earnestly wish to leave that world in which I lived with Gerald and enter this world to which I am compelled by circumstances as far beyond my power to control as the setting of the sun and the rising of the new moon, at this moment poised above the cedars of the mountain.

Yet I cannot leave that world, which actually does not exist for me any more as a practical reality, and so I cannot enter the world in which I am forced to live. Here I exist, in space.

If only I could stop remembering! I long not to remember, for I can feel Gerald cutting one cord after another between us. It is not only that he no longer writes me. He is also denying himself the thought of me. In other times, when there was certainty, or even hope, of our meeting again, I could feel his communion with me. On those rough hills of Szechuan, when I was at Chungking and he struggling somewhere across country, on foot, leading his students and professors westward, I could feel, especially at evening, at sunset, and at moonrise, the outreaching of his heart and conscious mind, and we were united.

But now, though I send myself across land and sea in search of him, I do not find him. He hides himself. He has withdrawn from me. This means but one thing — he

has no hope of ever seeing me again. I do not believe he has ceased to love me. That is not possible. It is simply that for us the earthly life is ended. And yet, I continue in space. I am not freed of the past, and present and future do not exist.

When Bruce asked me to marry him, the words reached my ears but not my heart. They echoed in me. I hear them reverberating and hollow. It is only when I enter Baba's room that meaning comes back to me, not strong and alive as it was in the house in Peking, but quiescent and yet there. I feel as one feels in the presence of ruined palaces and silent gardens, existing but no longer used and alive. I realise that I return to Baba's room often for no other purpose than to see his ancient figure, wrapped in the Chinese robe of blue brocaded silk, sitting by the window.

The few things brought with me from China — pair of scrolls, a small jade vase, some porcelain bowls from Kiangsi,

To page 68

Pains go . . . quickly and safely* with DISPRIN



DISPRIN GETS TO WORK FASTER

When you drop Disprin into water, the tablets foam and dissolve quickly—to form a liquid. This liquid pain-reliever has the power to pass more quickly from the stomach into the bloodstream. That is why it acts so fast.



DISPRIN IS EASIER TO TAKE

Disprin is palatable and agreeable to take. And that, combined with its comparative non-acidity, makes Disprin particularly suitable for children.

* DISPRIN IS SAFER

Disprin—being soluble and far less acid than aspirin—is the safe, modern pain-reliever. Medical tests have shown that Disprin is far less likely than ordinary aspirin and A.P.C. to cause gastric irritation. That's why Disprin is nowadays widely recommended, particularly to patients prone to heartburn, dyspepsia or other forms of stomach upset.

Period Pains. Disprin at such a time is a real blessing. Pain is relieved and nerves are quickly soothed. Keep the flat pack of Disprin in your handbag.

Ask your chemist for Disprin



DISPRIN
dissolves pain
quickly and safely

Hollywood's favourite

Lustre-Creme

Shampoo...



Never Dries—
it Beautifies!

Yes, Elizabeth Taylor uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. It's the favourite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars! It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin, foams into rich lather, leaves hair so easy to manage. It beautifies! For bright, fragrantly clean hair, choose the favourite of Hollywood stars!



Elizabeth Taylor

starring in M.G.M.'s "RAINTREE COUNTY"

in M.G.M. Camera 65 and Metrocolour



LIZIA

Page 68



Always look for the name

MORLEY
ON UNDERWEAR
AND
KNITWEAR

M79

a rug as blue as the northern Chinese sky — have somehow sorted themselves out of the house and into Baba's room. When I step through that door I close it behind me.

"Are you all right, Baba?" I ask.

"Quite all right," he says peaceably. He does not know where he is in the flesh. It is of no significance. He is somewhere in the world he knew once and which no longer exists, except for him. Now and then he asks vaguely of the servants.

"How is it you do not tell the amah to wash my clothes?"

"Amah is not here, Baba."

He does not ask where she is. That would be to risk a knowledge he cannot face. He falls silent and forgets. Then he sits, Gerald's father, a beautiful old man, straight and tall, thin as a saint ascetic, his hair whiter than snow upon the mountain, his white beard uncut. He has forgotten even Rennie. He does not think. He simply is. And it is this elemental existence, pure and childlike and unaware of anything except itself, that compels me to remember Peking.

Oh, that dream-like city! When I think of Gerald it is to see him in the city of emperors. Everything in life was there, the palaces under their roofs of blue and gold, containing a history, crowded with imperial men and women. In the wide streets the common folk forgot their commonness and took on princely airs because the city in which they live with their ancestors is a kindly city. Even the beggars were not craven. They came out from their corners, hands outstretched but heads held high.

I do not remember the city whole. It is too rich with life for that. I see the glorious fragments of sunlight piercing the yellow dust of a spring storm. I see it a vast summer garden, blue porcelain roofs and golden ornaments gleaming between the dark of green cedar trees. I see it under snow heavy on the roofs and in the streets the men and children picking their way as carefully as cats, but cheerfully, their cheeks red with cold and fur caps pulled over their ears.

Continuing . . . Letter From Peking

from page 67

for sending down heat instead of cold? Are you drunk up there in your heaven? Is your brain muddled? Consider yourself! I warn you — no more incense, no more gifts to the temple!"

I see the streets at night, gay with festivals, or quiet with the good plainness of daily life, lamps burning, candles lit, families gathered about the supper-table, men gossiping over waterpipes, a woman nursing her little child . . .

How still the Vermont mountains are, how empty of human life! The forest, as night falls, grows sinister in darkness. Sometimes the sun shines through the trees upon the brakes and ferns and that underworld appears all innocence and tender beauty. But the sun sets early in the valley and the shadows descend.

It is autumn again, and the leaves are turning.

The leaves drift down and the mountains emerge in great sweeping outlines against a sky of royal-blue.

The work on the farm is done for the year except for the routines of the cows and their calving, the milking twice a day, the feeding and watering of the hens and gathering of

eggs from the hen houses. I find comfort in the daily tasks, although Matt does not really need me.

I sold three cows last month to save winter feed. Matt put up the storm windows and doors yesterday and today the weather immediately turned warm with the same perversity that it used to do in China. But I cannot go out as the Chinese farmers did and shake my fist at the Old Man in the Sky. There was a friendly critical relationship between the Chinese gods and the farming folk.

The people expected their gods to look after them and to send rain and sunshine in season. Warm weather after the first festival of winter made the winter wheat grow long and so risk being frozen when the bitter days came.

A farmer spoke his mind thus to his gods: "You old Head up yonder! What reason have you

for being sent down heat instead of cold? Are you drunk up there in your heaven? Is your brain muddled? Consider yourself! I warn you — no more incense, no more gifts to the temple!"

I am sceptic enough about gods, but how can I explain that within two days a blizzard came down from the north? How we laughed, Gerald and I! Oh, we had so much good laughter in our marriage. I had to teach him to laugh, I remember. I had to release his gay Chinese humor. When he was most Chinese he was most gay.

I wonder if his Chinese wife can make him laugh. It is her letters I take out now and read, not his. I find I cannot read Gerald's letters to me. They seem old, they belong to another age. Whatever he is now, it is not what I knew. I try to see him through these letters of his Chinese wife, but I see only his shadow.

To be concluded



● Contributions are invited for our Sweet and Sour Contest in which each week we award £2/2/- for The Nicest Compliment and The Best Backhander. Here are this week's winners.

THE NICEST COMPLIMENT

ONE wet day when I was trying to cope with a new baby, washing, school holidays, and was feeling at least 100 years old, my four-year-old came up to me:

"Mummy," he said, "what do you want to be when you grow up?"

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. R. Manchester, 316 Jersey Road, Woolrahra, N.S.W.

Send your entries to "The Nicest Compliment" or "The Best Backhander," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

THE BEST BACKHANDER

FAT and 40, but feeling very smart in my new "hatty" hat, I ran into an old friend, who greeted me affectionately.

"You do look sweet today, darling," she said, "but then you have the face for those funny hats."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. E. White, 18 Bond Street, Enoggera, Qld.

Pounds to shed? Make

RYVITA
your bread!

Makes you fit — keeps you slim

The modern way to a second-look figure.

This summer, why not enjoy the slim styles and good times that go with an attractive figure? Even if you hate dieting (and who doesn't?) you can *lose pounds and like it* by simply making Ryvita your daily crispbread.

It takes rye to satisfy. Delicious, crunchy Ryvita satisfies your appetite sooner and keeps it satisfied longer because it is a rye crispbread. That is why no other crispbread can take its place. Ryvita, Australia's only rye crispbread, is an energising, sustaining food for the whole family. Its whole-rye vitamins, minerals and proteins give you new energy and zest

for living. You look better, feel better, as unwanted fat is burnt up in healthy exercise.

Delicious with everything you serve. Munchy, crunchy Ryvita makes other foods taste better. Serve it every day in delicious sandwiches, savouries, after-school snacks — or with cheese and salads. Start today!



ALWAYS SOLD IN
PACKETS, SO ALWAYS
FRESH



Strife on the Sunset Strip

From LONDON and HOLLYWOOD

One of Hollywood's most famous nightspots, Ciro's, on the Sunset Strip, is known to be in serious financial trouble and may close soon.

TO old-timers it will be like seeing a part of Hollywood itself disappear.

Hollywood sources say one reason for the trouble is that too many big-money stars are living elsewhere, returning to Hollywood only to work, and too many American films are being made in foreign countries.

In the past 12 months 11 top American films have been made either wholly or partially in France alone.

These include "The Vintagent," "Love in the Afternoon," "An Affair to Remember," "Paris Holiday," "Kings Go Forth," "Bonjour Tristesse," and "Gigi."

VIRGINIA MAYO, who spent a good part of her just-ended nine-year Warner contract doing Westerns — from which she was hoping to



HUSBAND-AND-WIFE stars Fred MacMurray and June Haver were among celebrities given a joy-ride to Italy to launch a new trans-polar Los Angeles-Rome air service.

break away — has been put straight into another. This time it's "Westward Bound," with veteran saddle actor Randolph Scott.

New Film Releases

★ AN AFFAIR TO REMEMBER

Fox love story, with Deborah Kerr, Cary Grant. In De Luxe color, CinemaScope. Century, Sydney.

GIRLS, this is for you. Cary Grant and Kerr are a worldly pair who meet on a transatlantic liner. They decide to give up, respectively, America's richest heiress and a young, good-looking protector for the sake of each other.

But all this takes time, and the couple give themselves six months to work things out, planning to meet on the observation tower of New York's Empire State Building.

Deborah, her eyes full of stars, fails to see an oncoming taxi, and doesn't turn up for the tryst.

From then on it's a long and sad story, until Grant, now a successful — though sadly academic — painter, turns up at Deborah's apartment on Christmas morning.

As a point of interest, Deborah must surely be the most respectable kept woman in screen history.

Grant, despite his reputed psychological troubles, could hardly be more attractive or at ease.

English actress Cathleen Nesbitt gives a forceful performance as Cary's French grandmother — explaining, no doubt, his international success with women.

In a word: SUGARY.

★ SATELLITE IN THE SKY

Warner science thriller, with Kieron Moore, Lois Maxwell, Donald Wolfit. In WarnerColor, CinemaScope. Palace, Sydney.

ALTHOUGH it's no Sputnik, the topicality of this screen science-fiction thriller gives an otherwise inferior film a special interest.

The so-called satellite is a British rocket plane about to make its first journey beyond the space barrier when its captain, Moore, is told that the real purpose of the experiment is to release a new tritium bomb in space beyond the force of gravity.

An unexpected piquancy is added to this trip into outer space by the presence of a girl reporter stowaway. Lois Maxwell, something of a poor man's Lauren Bacall, plays this part.

When the bomb refuses to leave the rocket plane because of a technical fault, it seems that all on board are doomed, until Wolfit (as the scientist) and a glory-seeking crew member step into outer space and detach it, ending with the bomb in a burst of pink flame.

Stronger on fiction than on science and lamentably wobbly in its human relationships at this particular moment in history, the film isn't without a certain rather horrible fascination.

In a word: WEIRD.

Can you wash your hair... and go straight out?



These girls did and so can you, if you wash it the new way — with one-lather Sunsilk shampoo. With Sunsilk your hair is shining and beautifully behaved the moment it's dry.

A new and revolutionary shampoo. This is the magic of Sunsilk — it washes beautifully but it can't overwash. The secret is simple. Sunsilk is so rich, so thorough that it washes your hair gloriously, fragrantly clean with just one gentle lather.

Really clean — without overwashing. With Sunsilk there's no need for a second lather, as with ordinary shampoos . . . no risk of washing away the vital natural oils that keep hair silky and easy to do.

Your one rich Sunsilk lather does all the work of two . . . polishing every single strand . . . washing thoroughly, but so gently that your hair is smooth and gleaming, easy to manage the moment it's dry. Try one-lather Sunsilk for your next shampoo — your hair will never look lovelier.

**Gleaming more manageable hair
with only one lather**

Sunsilk SHAMPOO



Bottle 1/3;
big money-saving bottle 5/6;
smaller bottle 3/9.

PEARS

FROM THE MAKERS OF WORLD-FAMOUS PEARS SOAP
SK.7.WW14c

Snap out of SUMMER SAG



with

ICED MILO



So simple to prepare

Just add two teaspoons of Milo to a little warm milk, stir, and fill the glass with cold milk. If you like extra-frosty iced Milo, add an ice cube or (treat yourself!) a scoop of Ideal Ice Cream just before serving. And Milo is wonderful sprinkled on top of Ideal One-whip Ice Cream.

Summer means more washing, more ironing . . . lots of other jobs that drain energy, leave you feeling listless and "saggy." To get through the day's routine with energy to spare to ENJOY summer, try delicious, chocolate-flavoured, icy-cold Milo.

Iced Milo gives you instant "lift" as you sip it through a straw . . . mmm . . . delicious. Regular iced Milo overcomes frayed nerves, irritability, that "saggy" feeling. That's because Milo is a health drink containing essential minerals, calcium-rich milk and malted cereals fortified with the important Vitamins A, B, and D. Get the regular iced Milo habit . . . see the difference it makes.

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

TUNE IN EVERY WEEK TO

NESTLÉ'S BUNKHOUSE SHOW

Page 70

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, is very proud of PRINCESS NARDA: When she wins the title of Miss Galaxy from ten million other beautiful girls on the planet Magna. However, he is worried when Magna's emperor asks Narda to marry him. She refuses, leaving the way

open for the lovely Carola to become Empress of Magna. Narda is then offered her prize—anything she wants in the universe—for winning the beauty contest. But all she asks for is to be allowed to return home to Earth, the one thing the emperor tells her she can't do! NOW READ ON:



NARDA ASKS FOR HER PRIZE -- TO RETURN HOME TO EARTH



"WE CANNOT GO HOME TO EARTH! WHY, EXCELLENCY?"

"YOUR PLANET EARTH HAS NOT YET REACHED THE STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT WHERE IT CAN KNOW ABOUT THE GALAXY."



"WHEN YOUR PLANET HAS ACHIEVED ITS OWN SPACE TRAVEL, THEN IT WILL BE READY TO KNOW . . . NOT BEFORE."



"SO, NARDA -- ASK FOR ANYTHING ELSE YOU WISH--"

"NO, I WANT TO GO HOME."

"WAIT, AS MISS GALAXY, HER PRIZE IS 'ANYTHING SHE WANTS'."



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 30, 1957



Indoors or out, there's always the danger of offending — unless you stop perspiration before unpleasant odour can form!

ARRID
Now with Persop for Super Creaminess
Available in both smooth cream and handy Arrid "Super-Spray" dispenser.

BEAUTY in a SURGICAL STOCKING

SUPERFINE NYLONS

being raised from VARICOSE VEINS

Don't let varicose veins mar leg beauty. Don't let them cause you suffering. Scholl Superior Surgical Nylons hide varicose veins; provide scientifically accurate support; wonderful comfort and relief . . . yet nobody knows you're wearing them. They're light, cool, feather-soft, ladder-proof. All fittings from Chemists, Surgical Suppliers, Stores, Scholl Deposits.

ALSO SCHOLL 2-WAY STRETCH ELASTIC YARN SURGICAL HOSIERY

THE BEST COOKS



SCIATICA

Stop searing, shooting sciatica pains in minutes . . . with Iodised Balmosa cream. Just smoothe it in. Soon all pain will disappear. Iodised Balmosa cream is non-irritating, non-staining. Ask your doctor about

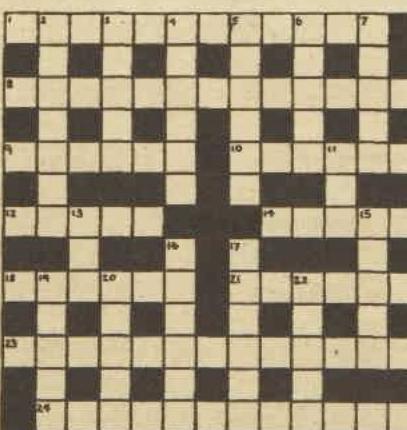
IODISED BALMOSA



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- They fought to their mutual destruction (8, 4).
- You could not have chastised young Shakespeare or Gladstone with these birds, for their parents were well to do (13).
- A gadfly in the gentle wind (6).
- Thrown out (6).
- Fragrant essence at a sailor (5).
- Shake gin to a bar (5).
- This bridle-bit if headless is worth capturing (6).
- But I do offer more (6).
- There are homes where they are served with the breakfast (7, 6).
- Magicians whose hearts draw the long bow (12).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Receive by succession and gives a hint with ire (7).
- Small hill in South Africa (5).
- Deadly suspenders (6).
- Wry or a milfoil in a Scottish river (6).
- A young girl is astray (5).
- Healing ointment in an antiphon (5).
- Get back the sheep (3).
- Drink out of a slate amphora (3).
- I rose to get the material for a basket (5).
- The heart of the Japanese religion can give a hint (6).
- In this game you may be a winner with a ring and not get engaged (4-2).
- Some call it singing, some moaning (5).
- Invigorating (5).
- The subject of discussion (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

Make no mistake

there is
no corset to equal Jenyns



REDUCING AND SUPPORTING FOUNDATIONS

Only Jenyns scientific design and expert styling give you that correct posture improving support that ensures both health and beauty.

HEALTH-GIVING DESIGN APPROVED BY DOCTORS. The Jenyns Patent Corset has won the praise of leading surgeons in the Commonwealth and abroad. This garment is specially designed to correctly support the body where necessary.

THE FOUNDATION OF BEAUTIFUL LINES. Takes inches off your figure . . . giving that smooth line you've dreamed of. You'll look better and feel better in a Jenyns.

DESIGNED IN DAINTY LONG WEARING MATERIALS. You can choose your Jenyns from the most beautiful of imported cloths . . . only the best quality non-sag elastic is used. Jenyns Corsets launder easily and retain their shape.

THERE IS A JENYN'S DESIGNED FOR EVERY CORSETRY NEED in your particular figure type, in your exact functional fitting.



AN EXCLUSIVE JENYN'S ADVANTAGE

The Jenyns Superior Lacing is specially designed to give comfortable, uplifting abdominal support with firm control of hips. It permits quick, simple, daily adjustment to the required firmness. You have perfect fit with complete comfort during the whole life of the garment when you choose a Jenyns.

For Health & Beauty Choose

Jenyns
FOUNDATIONS

MODERATELY PRICED
at all Leading Stores

THE JENYN'S PATENT CORSET PTY. LTD.

Men go for Mustard!

Your menfolk will love flavoury, savoury Keen's Mustard.



...but it must be **Keen's**



CORNS GO FAST
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads
Medicated corn pads
remove corns. 6/- at
Chemists, Stores, Shoe
Dealers, Scholl Deposits.

Dr. Scholl's ZINO-PADS

P.S. PICTORIAL SHOW . . .
Is the magazine that gives you all the news about show business as well as a host of interesting pictures about local and overseas events — price 9d.

Safe Home!!

They need this
Ready Source
of Energy -



Arnott's



Over 40,000
GRATEFUL MOTHERS
have sent
testimonials and
photographs.

No one knows better
than a mother how
active children can be.

When she gives them Arnott's Famous Milk Arrowroot
Biscuits, she gives them the nourishment they need in the
way she knows best.

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MILK ARROWROOT Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality